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SEA KINGS OF BRITAIN

I. HAWKINS TO BLAKE

BY

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WITH MAPS AND PLANS

NEW IMPRESSION

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They left us a KINGDOM none can take,
The realm of the circling SEA.

HENRY NEWBOLT

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MADE IN GREAT BRITAIN

PREFACE

IN preparing these short biographies of famous admirals for use in the Royal Naval College, Osborne, it appeared to me less the act of a Vandal to borrow from the works of the late Professor Froude than to attempt a fresh narrative of events so glowingly described by his master hand. To Miss Froude I have to make grateful acknowledgment, not only of her kindness in permitting me to make the excerpts I desired, but also of her cordial approval of such a course as one that would have gained her father's full consent. I return many thanks to Mr. Henry Newbolt for kind permission to enrich my book by the inclusion of "Drake's Drum," and two stanzas of "Admirals All"; and to Mr. Frederic E. Weatherly for similar kind permission in respect of "The Admiral's Broom." For permission to make use of a stanza from Lord Tennyson's "Revenge" I am indebted to Messrs. Macmillan, who are the owners of the copyright. From *The Royal Navy* by Sir William Laird Clowes, I have derived much assistance, especially in the preparation of a few simple battle plans. I can only make a general acknowledgment of my profound obligation to the works of Sir J. K. Laughton, Mr. Julian Corbett, Mr. David Hannay, and Captain Mahan, who by the light of their research have made the path so plain for the humble traveller who is contented to follow in their footsteps.

G. A. R. C.

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Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confused; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea
Breasting the lofty surge.—SHAKESPEARE.

SEA KINGS OF BRITAIN

HAWKINS

BORN 1532—DIED 1595

THE downfall of the Roman Empire in 476 differed in one very essential point from the downfall of the mighty empires of the East. The invaders who crossed the boundaries of the Empire brought with them no civilization to rival or replace the civilization they destroyed, and as a consequence Europe sank into the darkness of all but universal ignorance. This darkness lasted for ten long centuries, during which the wonderful Roman Church, the sole protectress of the traditions of culture, strove to instruct her turbulent sons in the arts of peace, and during the process of instruction arrogated to herself great wealth and greater influence.

It is in this dark period of the Middle Ages that the history of the British Navy has its rise, and it is on account of the thick darkness that so little can be discerned. The names of Alfred, the founder of the British Navy, and of Edward III, the victor of Sluys, are worthy to be had in remembrance, but the real story of England's conquest of the sea opens in the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth.

The darkness that followed the fall of the Roman Empire was very thick at first, but in the thirteenth century there appeared the promise of a fair day, and in the fifteenth century the full glare of a complete Renaissance. The human intelligence awoke to a wondrous interest in all that surrounded it, and above all longed to discover what there was beyond the mighty flood of the Atlantic. Undivided attention to navigation and exploration was, however, impossible at first, because men found themselves at variance with their mother and instructress, the Church. During the Renaissance period the Church, if it may be said without disrespect, found herself in the position of a hen who has brought up a stalwart family of young ducklings. As she saw them launching forth upon their natural element, she could not fail to rebuke them, and even to chastise them. She could not believe that discoveries such as those of Galileo, or projects such as those of Columbus, could be reconciled with holy writ, and so she thwarted her wilful brood until many rebelled against her, and some insisted on her reform.

When the light of the Renaissance had opened the eyes of Englishmen, and when in a spirit of independence they had decided that they could find the way to heaven without the Pope, they were ready to take an active part in the exploration of the sea, and the conquest of lands beyond it. Alas! they were late; the work had begun, and the world had been divided before Britannia roused herself! While England and France had been tearing each other to pieces during the terrible Hundred Years' War; while England had been rending herself with the Wars of the Roses, the Spaniards and Portuguese, debarred by the

narrow limits of their land from territorial expansion, had begun in real earnest to found Oceanic empires.

In this task they were aided by the scientific discoveries which the Renaissance brought in its train. A better acquaintance with the properties of the loadstone, and the timely invention of the Astrolabe (an early form of the sextant), enabled mariners to venture outside the "narrow seas," and outside the Mediterranean; to sail away from the land instead of keeping it for ever in sight; and to trust themselves with something like confidence to the vasty deep. Improved equipment was of the greatest benefit to the large-minded mariners of the new age; and years before the birth of Drake, Columbus had discovered that there was land on the further side of the Atlantic, Vasco da Gama had reached India by sea, and Magellan had set the crown upon the work of Columbus by discovering how to reach India by way of the west.

India was of course to the Spaniards and Portuguese the centre of all their hopes, and, when both discovered ways of reaching it by different routes, there were the makings of a pretty quarrel. The quarrel was terminated to the satisfaction of both parties by Pope Alexander VI (1492–1503), who called for a chart, and drawing a line from north to south through the midst of the Atlantic (three hundred leagues to the west of the Cape Verde Islands) assigned to the Spaniards all discoveries made to the west of that line, and to the Portuguese all to the east.* The apparently inevitable collision between the Spaniards and the Portuguese at the Antipodes was indefinitely postponed by a disinclination on the part of the

* Brazil, as falling east of Alexander's line, was allotted to the Portuguese.

former to make use of the Straits of Magellan. The possession of the Philippines carried the Spaniards further west; but, apart from this, they were willing to rest content with the New World, where they proceeded to conquer Mexico, Peru, and Chile, and the more important of the West Indian Islands.

It might well be thought that little remained for the Sea Dogs of Devon to accomplish when they joined in the work seventy years later: but these doughty heroes found outlets for their energies in three directions. Many agreed with Frobisher in thinking that, as Magellan had found a way to India round the south of the New World, there was every reason to suppose that a similar passage could be found to the north. In the light of present knowledge, it is rather pitiful to recall the futile but noble efforts to find the North-west Passage, first of Frobisher and Davis, and later of Hudson and Baffin. "It can be done,"* and England deserved to do it, but the passage, if found, could never have been a highway to India. Those, who are inclined to consider these endeavours in a critical spirit, should remember that until the Pacific was systematically explored in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, a totally erroneous estimate as to its breadth met with universal acceptance.

Another outlet for British pluck lay in the colonization of the inhospitable shores of what are now the United States of North America: but the sad conclusion of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's expedition † made further

* The Norwegian captain Amundsen has recently forced his way through.

† "Monday the ninth of September 1583, in the afternoon, the SQUIRREL was near cast away oppressed by waves, but at that time recovered, and giving forth signs of joy, Sir Humphrey,

attempts unpopular for a while, and no success in this direction can be chronicled in the annals of Elizabeth's reign, although the premier settlement in the New World, Raleigh's Virginia, was christened in honour of the Virgin Queen.

If less romantic, the efforts of Hawkins were more practical. He shared with many others of his time a laudable desire to make capital out of the needs of the Spaniards beyond the seas. There was an excellent opening, because the Spaniards were not born seamen, and were never likely to patronize the carrying trade for the love of it. It was otherwise with the lads of Devon, and Hawkins showed a talent above his fellows in discovering what it was that the Spaniards most required.

The difficulty that the Spanish colonials encountered was one that presents grave problems even to the statesmen of our own century. The climate of the Indies was too hot to permit of hard work by white men, and even a high rate of wages did not attract natives to the spade and pick-axe in a land where there was plenty to eat and nothing to buy. There was but one remedy, and it is a disagreeable truth that Hawkins must be described as the first Englishman to soil his hands with the sordid profit of the slave-trade. It is not, however, fair to judge him by a standard of virtue and honour different from that which obtained in his own day.

sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried unto us (in the HIND) so often as we did approach within hearing, 'We are as near to heaven by sea as by land,' reiterating the same speech, well beseeming a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testify that he was. The same Monday night, about twelve of the clock, or not long after, the SQUIRREL being ahead of us (in the GOLDEN HIND), suddenly her lights were out, whereof, as it were, in a moment we lost the sight; and withal our watch cried that the General was cast away, which was too true. For in that moment the SQUIRREL was devoured and swallowed up of the sea."

In 1562 Hawkins, then thirty years of age, made his first journey to the west coast of Africa in search of "black ivory." Here he caught a cargo of slaves whom he carried over to the New World. The colonials, in spite of orders to the contrary from Spain, bartered precious metals, precious stones, and pearls in exchange, and Hawkins ("Achines" they called him) began to amass a fortune. A second journey followed in 1564, and in 1567 Hawkins invited his young kinsman Francis Drake to take part in a third. After many and varied experiences, the vessels, five in number,* turned homewards, when they were caught in a hurricane, and compelled, uninvited, to seek refuge in San Juan de Ulloa, a Spanish port on the coast of Mexico.

SAN JUAN DE ULLOA. 1568

[From Froude's† *English Seamen*]

"San Juan de Ulloa is a few miles only from Vera Cruz.‡ It was at that time the chief port of Mexico, through which all the traffic passed between the colony and the mother-country, and was thus a place of some consequence. It stands on a small bay facing towards the north. Across the mouth of this bay

* The *Jesus of Lubeck* (700 tons), flagship; the *Minion;* the *Swallow;* the *Angel;* and the *Judith.*

† James Anthony Froude (born 1818, died 1894) was, like Hawkins, a Devonian. His name ranks high among the historians of the nineteenth century. Between 1850 and 1870 he published in twelve volumes *A History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Armada.* Every one will not agree with his heroic estimate of Henry VIII, but the book is wonderfully written, and will always be popular. During the last years of his life he was Professor of History at Oxford, where he delivered his famous lectures on *English Seamen,* from one of which this account of the affair at San Juan has been taken.

‡ The principal port of Mexico to-day.

lies a narrow ridge of sand and shingle, half a mile long, which acts as a natural breakwater and forms the harbour. This ridge, or island as it was called, was uninhabited, but it had been faced on the inner front by a wall. The water was deep alongside, and vessels could thus lie in perfect security, secured by their cables to rings let into the masonry.

"The prevailing wind was from the north, bringing in a heavy surf on the back of the island. There was an opening at both ends, but only one available for vessels of large draught. In this the channel was narrow, and a battery at the end of the breakwater would completely command it. The town stood on the opposite side of the bay.

"Into a Spanish port thus constructed Hawkins entered with his battered squadron on September 16, 1568. He could not have felt entirely easy. But he probably thought that he had no ill-will to fear from the inhabitants generally, and that the Spanish authorities would not be strong enough to meddle with him. His ill star had brought him there when Alvarez de Baçan * . . . was daily expected from Spain—sent by Philip,† as it proved, specially to look for him. Hawkins, when he appeared outside, had been mistaken for the Spanish admiral, and it was under this impression that he had been allowed to enter. The error was quickly discovered on both sides.

"Though still ignorant that he was himself De Baçan's particular object, yet De Baçan was the last officer ‡ whom in his crippled condition he would

* Afterwards Marquis of Santa Cruz.

† Philip II, King of Spain, 1556–98.

‡ Five years before De Baçan had caught eight English merchantmen in Gibraltar roads, and had condemned their crews, 240 men in all, to the galleys.

have cared to encounter. Several Spanish merchantmen were in the port richly loaded: with these of course he did not meddle, though, if reinforced, they might perhaps meddle with him. As his best resource he despatched a courier on the instant to Mexico to inform the Viceroy of his arrival, to say that he had an English squadron with him; that he had been driven in by stress of weather and need of repairs; that the Queen was an ally of the King of Spain; and that, as he understood a Spanish fleet was likely soon to arrive, he begged the Viceroy to make arrangements to prevent disputes.

"As yet . . . there was no Inquisition in Mexico. It was established there three years later, for the special benefit of the English. But so far there was no ill-will towards the English—rather the contrary. Hawkins had hurt no one, and the negro trading had been eminently popular. The Viceroy might perhaps have connived at Hawkins's escape, but again by ill-fortune he was himself under orders of recall, and his successor was coming out in this particular fleet with De Baçan.

"Had he been well disposed and free to act it would still have been too late, for the very next morning, September 17, De Baçan was off the harbour mouth with thirteen heavily-armed galleons and frigates. The smallest of them carried probably 200 men, and the odds were now tremendous. Hawkins's vessels lay ranged along the inner bank or wall of the island. He instantly occupied the island itself and mounted guns at the point covering the way in. He then sent a boat off to De Baçan to say that he was an Englishman, that he was in possession of the port, and must forbid the entrance of the Spanish fleet till

he was assured that there was to be no violence. It was a strong measure to shut a Spanish admiral out of a Spanish port in a time of profound peace. Still, the way in was difficult, and could not be easily forced if resolutely defended. The northerly wind was rising; if it blew into a gale the Spaniards would be on a lee shore. Under desperate circumstances, desperate things will be done. Hawkins in his subsequent report thus explains his dilemma:—

"'I was in two difficulties. Either I must keep them out of the port, which with God's grace I could easily have done, in which case with a northerly wind rising they would have been wrecked, and I should have been answerable; or I must risk their playing false, which on the whole I preferred to do.'

"The northerly gale it appears did not rise, or the English commander might have preferred the first alternative. Three days passed in negotiations. De Baçan and Don Enriquez, the new Viceroy, were naturally anxious to get into shelter out of a dangerous position, and were equally desirous not to promise any more than was absolutely necessary. The final agreement was that De Baçan and the fleet should enter without opposition. Hawkins might stay till he had repaired his damages, and buy and sell what he wanted; and further, as long as they remained the English were to keep possession of the island. This article, Hawkins says, was long resisted, but was consented to at last. It was absolutely necessary, for with the island in their hands, the Spaniards had only to cut the English cables, and they would have driven ashore across the harbour.

"The treaty so drawn was formally signed. Hostages were given on both sides, and De Baçan came in. The two fleets were moored as far apart from

each other as the size of the port would allow. Courtesies were exchanged, and for two days all went well. It is likely that the Viceroy and the admiral did not at first know that it was the very man whom they had been sent out to sink or capture who was lying so close to them. When they did know it they may have looked on him as a pirate, with whom, as with heretics, there was no need to keep faith. Any way, the rat was in the trap, and De Baçan did not mean to let him out. The *Jesus* lay furthest in ; the *Minion* lay beyond her towards the entrance, moored apparently to a ring on the quay, but free to move ; and the *Judith*,* further out again, moored in the same way. Nothing is said of the two small vessels remaining.

" De Baçan made his preparations silently, covered by the town. He had men in abundance ready to act where he should direct. On the third day, the 20th of September, at noon, the *Minion's* crew had gone to dinner, when they saw a large hulk of 900 tons slowly towing up alongside of them. Not liking such a neighbour, they had their cable ready to slip and began to set their canvas. On a sudden shots and cries were heard from the town. Parties of English who were on land were set upon ; many were killed ; the rest were seen flinging themselves into the water and swimming off to the ships. At the same instant the guns of the galleons and of the shore batteries opened fire on the *Jesus* and her consorts, and in the smoke and confusion 300 Spaniards swarmed out of the hulk and sprang on the *Minion's* decks. The *Minion's* men instantly cut them down or drove them overboard, hoisted sail, and forced their way out of the harbour followed by the *Judith*. The *Jesus* was

* The *Judith* was commanded by Francis Drake.

left alone, unable to stir. She defended herself desperately. In the many actions which were fought afterwards between the English and the Spaniards, there was never any more gallant or more severe. De Baçan's own ship was sunk and the vice-admiral's was set on fire. The Spanish, having an enormous advantage in numbers, were able to land a force on the island, seize the English battery there, cut down the gunners, and turn the guns close at hand on the devoted *Jesus*. Still she fought on, defeating every attempt to board, till at length De Baçan sent down fireships on her, and then the end came. All that Hawkins had made by his voyage, money, bullion, the ship herself, had to be left to their fate. Hawkins himself with the survivors of the crew took to their boats, dashed through the enemy, who vainly tried to take them, and struggled out after the *Minion* and the *Judith*. It speaks ill for De Baçan that with so large a force at his command, and in such a position, a single Englishman escaped to tell the story.

"Even when outside Hawkins's situation was still critical and might well be called desperate. The *Judith* was but fifty tons; the *Minion* not above a hundred. They were now crowded up with men. They had little water on board, and there had been no time to refill their store-chests, or fit themselves for sea. Happily the weather was moderate. If the wind had risen, nothing could have saved them. They anchored two miles off to put themselves in some sort of order. The Spanish fleet did not venture to molest further so desperate a foe. On Saturday the 25th they set sail, scarcely knowing whither to turn. To attempt an ocean voyage as they were would be certain destruction, yet they could not trust longer to De

Baçan's cowardice or forbearance. There was supposed to be a shelter of some kind somewhere on the east side of the Gulf of Mexico, where it was hoped they might obtain provisions. They reached the place on October 8, but found nothing. English sailors have never been wanting in resolution. They knew that if they all remained on board every one of them must starve. A hundred volunteered to land and take their chance. The rest on short rations might hope to make their way home. The sacrifice was accepted. The hundred men were put on shore. They wandered for a few days in the woods, feeding on roots and berries, and shot at by the Indians. At length they reached a Spanish station, where they were taken and sent as prisoners to Mexico. There was, as I said, no Holy Office as yet in Mexico. The new Viceroy, though he had been in the fight at San Juan de Ulloa, was not implacable. They were treated at first with humanity ; they were fed, clothed, taken care of, and then distributed among the plantations. Some were employed as overseers, some as mechanics. Others, who understood any kind of business, were allowed to settle in towns, make money, and even marry and establish themselves. Perhaps Philip heard of it, and was afraid that so many heretics might introduce the plague. The quiet time lasted three years ; at the end of those years the Inquisitors arrived, and then, as if these poor men had been the special object of that delightful institution, they were hunted up, thrown into dungeons, examined on their faith, tortured, some burnt in an *auto da fé*, some lashed through the streets of Mexico naked on horseback and returned to their prisons. Those who did not die under this pious treatment were passed over

to the Holy Office at Seville and were condemned to the galleys.

". . . The *Minion* and *Judith* meanwhile pursued their melancholy way. They parted company. The *Judith*, being the better sailer, arrived first, and reached Plymouth in December, torn and tattered. Drake rode off post immediately to carry the bad news to London. The *Minion's* fate was worse. She made her course through the Bahama Channel, her crew dying as if struck with a pestilence, till at last there were hardly men enough left to handle the sails. They fell too far south for England, and at length had to put into Vigo, where their probable fate would be a Spanish prison. Happily they found other English vessels in the roads there. Fresh hands were put on board, and fresh provisions. With these supplies Hawkins reached Mount's Bay a month later than the *Judith*, in January, 1569."

The disaster had an important effect on the careers of both the principal Englishmen engaged. In the heart of Drake, it roused the dragon's wrath which was not to be satiated by a lifetime of revenge; in the mind of Hawkins it engendered a loathing for the whole business which led him to settle down quietly at Plymouth. Here, of course, his townsmen took up his cause, and at the moment when Drake set off for Nombre de Dios, they sent John Hawkins as their representative to Parliament.

The new member for Plymouth, by his intimate acquaintance with maritime matters, soon won the admiration of the sage councillors about the Queen, who, on their advice, was graciously pleased to advance her much-wronged mariner to the position of Comp-

troller of the Navy. In this capacity he was responsible for the preparation of the fleet which met the Invincible Armada. If the preparation proved inadequate, it must be remembered that a reformer and organizer, however efficient, is helpless without funds, and that the government of Elizabeth was particularly frugal. In the fight against the Armada, Hawkins, in the *Victory*, served as Vice-Admiral to Lord Howard, and was knighted for his services on the deck of the *Ark Royal*.

Seven years afterwards, at the age of sixty-three, he set out in company with Drake to rescue his son, Richard,* who had been captured by the Spaniards; but the expedition proved fruitless, and the poor father, broken-hearted at the loss of his son, felt, as Raleigh felt under similar circumstances, that there was no longer anything left to make life worth the living.

* Richard Hawkins (1562–1622) was a true son of his father. He served with distinction under Drake in the descent on the Indies (1585); and commanded the *Swallow* against the Armada. In 1593 he set forth in the *Dainty* for a Drake-like raid into the Pacific. The enterprise was attended with success until Valparaiso was reached. Here the *Dainty* was set upon, and overpowered by numbers. After fighting eight adversaries for three days and three nights, Hawkins only surrendered on the express understanding that the lives and liberties of the survivors should be spared. The assurance was given, and in fulfilment thereof Hawkins himself was imprisoned for ten long years, sometime in Lima and sometime in Spain. At the moment of his father's expedition Richard was alive, and kindly entreated; but before he reached home the Elizabethan age was a thing of the past. He was knighted by James I, and wrote a spirited account of his voyage which may still be read.

DRAKE

BORN 1540 (?)—DIED 1596

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,
  Their cities he put to the sack ;
He singed His Catholic Majesty's beard,
  And harried his ships to wrack.
He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls
  When the great Armada came ;
But he said, " They must wait their turn, good souls,"
  And he stooped, and finished the game.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

THE cruelty and injustice which characterized the Spanish Inquisition are so well known to all readers of history and fiction that Philip II, the firmest believer in the efficacy of the institution, has come to be regarded as hardly more than a narrow-minded bigot with a taste for wholesale persecution, who, failing to find sufficient victims for the flames in his own land, carried the fire and sword into the peaceful domain of inoffensive neighbours. The real Philip is not to be discerned in this portrait. Philip II was the founder of the Spanish Empire, and though he may not rank highly among the statesmen of the world, he had a very definite purpose which he pursued relentlessly. That purpose was not the reclamation of the lost tribes of the Roman Church ; nor was Philip in any sense the humble servant of the Papacy.

Philip's father was the Emperor Charles V, who,

KING ALFRED'S COLLEGE

by the accident of birth, combined under one crown the hereditary possessions of the houses of Austria and Burgundy, Aragon and Castile. His world-wide dominions revived the magnificent memories of Augustus and Charlemagne, but imposed on him a weight of responsibility too burdensome for human shoulders, and at the age of fifty-six he effected a readjustment of the imperial load, and sought peace in the cloister.

Under the new arrangement the Imperial crown and the Austrian dominions passed to Charles's brother, and Spain, Italy, the Netherlands, and the New World to Philip II.

Brought up from earliest youth as a statesman, Philip began at once to reorganize his possessions. He chose for his capital Madrid, and from Madrid he resolved to reign as absolutely as Alexander himself. The provinces, Peru, Mexico, the Main, Flanders, and Holland were to be ruled each by its viceroy; and each of the provinces was to be as subservient to its Viceroy as the Viceroy to his King. The colonists at Panama must become as Castilian as the burghers of Antwerp, and the burghers of Antwerp as Castilian as the citizens of Seville. The system when complete promised to make the fabled wealth of Crœsus fade into insignificance, while the selfishness of the policy was skilfully disguised under the mantle of religion. Declaring himself the most devoted of the Church's sons (which indeed, in a sense, he was) Philip received the blessing of the Pope, and unfurled the banner of a new crusade. It has often been said that those who fought under the banner of the Cross in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries would have achieved a larger measure of success if their aims had been more dis-

interested. The same criticism applies with equal force to Philip II.

Philip's plan was challenged at the outset by the independent spirit of the Netherlanders, who flatly refused to be transformed into Castilians. When Philip employed force, they turned for assistance to those, who had been bound to them by the interests of commerce ever since the marriage of Edward III with Philippa of Hainault. The prosperity of England depended very largely upon the industrial needs of the Low Countries, and on both sides of the North Sea each day added to the number of those who found new hope and happiness in the doctrines of the Reformed faith. As at a later day England received the Huguenots when they fled before the tyranny of Louis XIV, so now she opened her sympathetic arms, and offered a haven of rest to the Flemish refugees. Philip, however, had no mind to tolerate this voluntary exile of possible Castilians; in his plan, death formed the only alternative to the acceptance of Spanish nationality. Therefore to bring the English government to its senses, he at once gave orders to close all ports in the Spanish possessions to British traders, a measure of retaliation which he enforced by all the terrors of the Inquisition. Instead of the guarda costa, or exciseman of a later date, the familiars of the Holy Office snapped up unwary British mariners, and dragged them before a court which knew no pity, and extended no mercy—to heretics.

Thus Spain and England, Philip and Elizabeth, began that game of fence which lasted with occasional breathing-spaces until the defeat of the Armada. Elizabeth hardly thought at the outset to act as a principal; she was sorry for the Nether-

landers, and determined in the good old English fashion to make a ring and see fair play: but Philip did not recognize the laws of the game as played in England, and tended more and more to turn the point of his weapon upon the would-be referee, as he realized that his cherished plans for the Low Countries could never be perfected while she interfered. Neither antagonist was willing to declare war. War was too clumsy a weapon for such exquisite fencers; but stroke followed stroke, and as his excited thrusts blunted a weapon Philip cast it aside, and drew another.

Finding, for example, that indignities offered to British seamen only strengthened the determination of their mistress, Philip grasped a more dangerous weapon, and sharpened it for a home thrust, while he elegantly threw round his shoulders the Crusader's cloak as a disguise. Elizabeth, he informed the Catholic world, was not only a heretic, but a usurper; the real heir to the throne was Mary Stuart, the great-granddaughter of Henry VII, and with Mary on the throne England would speedily return to the fold of the one true faith. Thus he appealed to zealous supporters of the Church of Rome in his capacity as leader of a crusade: as King of Spain, he promised himself that with Mary of Scotland on the English throne he would be free to prosecute his cherished plans uninterrupted. Satisfied that his own ambition exactly coincided with the best interests of the Church, he lent his countenance to the infamous Ridolfi plot, a thrust in tierce which Elizabeth parried with difficulty. No wonder that at such a juncture she anxiously surveyed her armoury for a weapon which should break through Philip's guard, and inflict a mortal wound.

At such a juncture from out the deep there rose a mighty arm holding a sword wondrous as Excalibur itself!

The sword was the sword of Her Majesty's most humble and most devoted servant, Francis Drake, fresh returned from adventures in the west that put legend to the blush. The Queen grasped the sword furtively, stealthily, and with sidelong glances as one expecting to be detected in the commission of a sin, and many a chronicler has followed her example in refusing openly to acknowledge Drake; but while Elizabeth's attitude was dictated by a caution similar to that of Philip, who entered with warm enthusiasm into peace negotiations while he was putting the finishing touches to the Armada, lookers-on at this titanic conflict have been deceived by the courtly graces of the combatants. When Philip condemned the crew of an English ship to the galleys, he begged his fair and gracious cousin to overlook the righteous zeal of a Holy Office which he was powerless to restrain; and when Elizabeth removed a king's ransom from a Spanish galleon on its way to Alva, she hastened to assure her dear and gentle cousin that she was guarding his treasure from the rapacity of Sea-Beggars over whom she could exercise no control. "Have I wounded you? No? I was so afraid I had. On guard!" — and the deadly game proceeded. So long as the reader realizes as well as Philip and Elizabeth that the duel was a duel to the death, it is clearly impossible to stigmatize as a buccaneer and a pirate one who combined with the noble and lovable qualities that go to make the ideal commander, a faculty for intuitive discovery of the weak point in his adversary's armour only comparable to that of Nelson himself.

NOMBRE DE DIOS

MAY, 1572–AUGUST, 1573

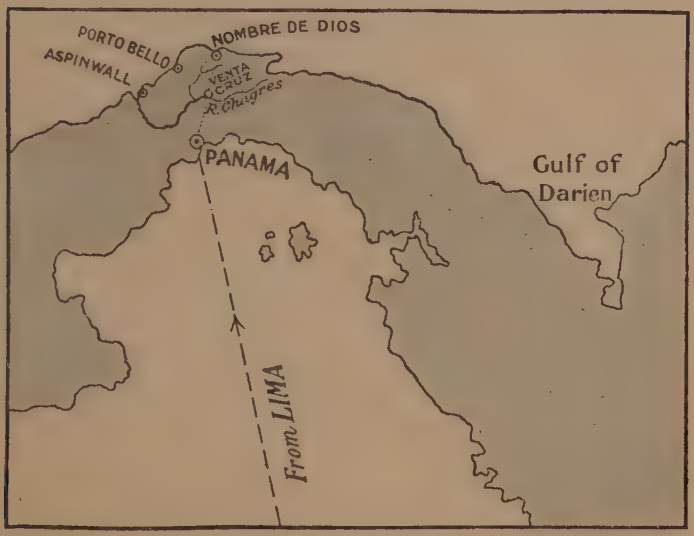
The Drake who at the crucial moment laid his sword at Elizabeth's feet was not the Drake of San Juan de Ulloa. From that encounter he returned to nurse his wrath until the right moment presented itself. He pondered over the villainous treachery of De Baçan, and worked himself into a fury over thoughts of the devoted band of one hundred who had been forced to take their chance on an enemy's shore. There is every reason to suppose that, during the period of apparent inactivity which followed the disaster, Drake paid two visits to the Spanish Main. On these journeys he set himself to discover where he could best deliver a crushing blow at the wealth and prestige of Spain.

Although the Spaniards had discovered the Straits of Magellan at the very beginning of the sixteenth century, they had been deterred from making further use of them by the rough weather which prevailed in those latitudes, and the difficulty presented by the navigation of a channel seventy miles long between two vast continents—South America on the one hand, and on the other the vast Antarctic continent which (until Drake's voyage of circumnavigation) was believed to extend from the Straits of Magellan to the South Pole.*

If the Straits of Magellan were useless, how then was the wealth of Peru brought home to Spain? Panama was the centre of Spanish enterprise in the Pacific. Here the ships were built for the Pacific carrying-trade, and here the heavily laden galleons arrived from Valparaiso and Arica, Tarapaca and Lima,

* See note on page 28.

and all the treasure ports of western South America. When the cargoes had been unshipped at Panama, they were transferred to a mule train which plied across the isthmus over the Chagres River to the Atlantic seaboard. At the Atlantic end of the journey, a difficulty arose, because the eastern coast of Central



THE ISTHMUS OF DARIEN

Chart shewing how the treasure of Western South America was carried home to Spain

America offers no site for a first-rate port. In default of better, Nombre de Dios had been fixed upon, and so it happened that the entire produce of the Peruvian mines was from time to time concentrated at a forlorn little spot in the Caribbean Sea.*

* Nombre de Dios was not a success, and after Drake's day the Spaniards abandoned it in favour of Porto Bello, of which more will be heard in connection with Admiral Vernon. At the present day Porto Bello has given place to Aspinwall, which will be the Atlantic terminus of the Panama Canal.

This was the secret which Drake discovered on his preliminary voyages of observation. In 1572 he got together a tiny expedition which comprised two small ships and seventy-three mariners, and set sail from Plymouth—westward ho! Very carefully he made his dispositions, and when all was ready he delivered a night attack on Nombre de Dios. "I have now," he said to his men, "brought you to the mouth of the treasury of the world." The gallant little band entered the harbour by the light of the moon, but when the public square had been captured, and the treasure house discovered, Drake himself collapsed from loss of blood occasioned by a wound in his foot, and was forcibly carried back to the boats by true-hearted comrades who ignored his protestations. Short as the encounter had been, it was obvious that the town was on the alert, and able to look after itself. This was the more remarkable in view of the suddenness of Drake's appearance. The reason soon transpired. The Spaniards were armed in readiness for an expected attack from the Maroons, a mongrel tribe (part Negro, part Indian) who inherited in an exaggerated degree the hatred which both nations felt for the common enemy. When sufficiently recovered from his wound Drake determined to join the Maroons! By them he was guided to Venta Cruz, the half-way house between Panama and Nombre de Dios where the road crossed the Chagres River. Here, finding himself on the highest part of the isthmus, Drake climbed a lofty tree and from that post of vantage cast astonished eyes upon the golden waters of the Pacific.* Then felt he "like some watcher of the

* The Spaniard Balbao was the first European (1513) to gaze on the Pacific. So faithful a disciple of Columbus could not, however, believe it to be aught else than an inland sea!

skies when a new planet swims into his ken." Before descending to the ground Drake registered a mental vow to venture forth upon that "wide expanse" as soon as Heaven allowed. On the failure of an ambuscade laid for the mule train owing to the carelessness of one of his men, Drake took Venta Cruz by storm, and then disappeared once more with the rapidity with which he had come. The amazed Spaniards, breathing easily again, heard of fearful doings by El Draque upon the seas, and congratulated themselves that they at least were rid of him: when in a moment, in the flash of an eye, back came the Dragon, ensconced himself once more in an ambush, leapt with remorseless fangs upon his prey, and at one fell swoop carried off gold and jewels and silver bars.

The silver bars were too heavy to be removed, and so were buried out of sight, but the fortunes of the party were made, and with his precious cargo Drake returned to lay his sword and (it may be added) a few vain glittering baubles, hardly worthy of her acceptance, at the feet of the Virgin Queen. Drake's exploits were told and retold, and as they passed from mouth to mouth they became magnified and glorified. Nombre de Dios became a town the size of Plymouth: Drake had taken it, and held it against all comers; had ransacked its treasures, and ruined the King of Spain. That worthy monarch insisted that this latest reincarnation of the evil one should be handed over to him for the chastisement which he had richly deserved: whereupon Drake, fearing lest he should be treated as a mere pawn in the game, discreetly withdrew from Court. But if Elizabeth had failed to learn Drake's worth from his own lips, she had learnt it from the furious expostulations of

Philip. She realized that at last she had a weapon to her hand that would thrust aside her adversary's guard, and at her need draw blood. Drake had raided the isthmus of Darien to exact restitution for the injury he had received in Mexico: to do his mistress a service, and prove to Philip that he could not resort to the assassin's dagger with impunity, Drake sallied forth to fulfil the dearest desire of his heart, and wake the Southern Sea.

THE VOYAGE OF CIRCUMNAVIGATION

NOVEMBER, 1577–SEPTEMBER, 1580

The following ships composed Drake's squadron when he set forth from Plymouth on November 15th, 1577:—

The *Pelican* * (flagship) . .	120 tons.
Elizabeth (Captain Winter) . .	80 tons.
Swan (a sloop) . . .	50 tons.
Marigold (a sloop) . . .	30 tons.
Also a pinnace of . . .	12 tons.

The expedition included among its commanders a mysterious person called Doughty. He may have been actually in the pay of Philip II, or he may have been in the pay of the party at home who were in

* Rechristened the *Golden Hind* after passing the Straits of Magellan. After Drake's return the *Golden Hind* was for long carefully preserved at Deptford. When at last the hull was broken up, a chair was constructed from a portion of the remains and presented to Oxford University.

> Drake and his ship could not have wished from fate
> A more blest station or more blest estate,
> For, lo! a seat of endless rest is given
> To her in Oxford, and to him in Heaven.
>
> ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618–67).

favour of peace with Philip. At the least, he appears to have resolved before starting to put every impediment possible in Drake's way, if not to wreck the expedition altogether.

[From Froude's *English Seamen*]

"On November 15, 1577, the *Pelican* and her consort sailed out of Plymouth Sound. The elements frowned on their start. On the second day they were caught in a winter gale. The *Pelican* sprung her mainmast, and they put back to refit and repair. But Drake defied auguries. Before the middle of December all was again in order. The weather mended, and with a fair wind and smooth water they made a fast run across the Bay of Biscay and down the coast to the Cape de Verde Islands. There taking up the north-east trades, they struck across the Atlantic, crossed the line, and made the South American continent in latitude 33° South. They passed the mouth of the Plate River, finding to their astonishment fresh water at the ship's side in fifty-four fathoms. All seemed so far going well, when one morning Mr. Doughty's sloop was missing, and he along with her. Drake, it seemed, had already reason to distrust Doughty, and guessed the direction in which he had gone. The *Marigold* was sent in pursuit, and he was overtaken and brought back. To prevent a repetition of such a performance, Drake took the sloop's stores out of her, burnt her, distributed the crew through the other vessels, and took Mr. Doughty under his own charge. On June 20 they reached Port St. Julian, on the coast of Patagonia. They had been long on the way, and the southern winter had come

round,* and they had to delay further to make more particular inquiry into Doughty's desertion. An ominous and strange spectacle met their eyes as they entered the harbour. In that utterly desolate spot a skeleton was hanging on a gallows, the bones picked clean by the vultures. It was one of Magellan's crew who had been executed there for mutiny fifty years before. The same fate was to befall the unhappy Englishman who had been guilty of the same fault. Without the strictest discipline it was impossible for the enterprise to succeed, and Doughty had been guilty of worse than disobedience. We are told briefly that his conduct was found tending to contention, and threatening the success of the voyage. Part he was said to have confessed; part was proved against him—one knows not what. A court was formed out of the crew. He was tried, as near as circumstances allowed, according to English usage. He was found guilty, and was sentenced to die. He made no complaint, or none of which a record is preserved. He asked for the Sacrament, which was of course allowed, and Drake himself communicated with him. They then kissed each other, and the unlucky wretch took leave of his comrades, laid his head on the block, and so ended. His offence can be only guessed; but the suspicious curiosity about his fate which was shown afterwards by Mendoza † makes it likely that he was in Spanish pay. The ambassador cross-questioned Captain Winter very particularly about him, and we learn one remarkable fact from

* For long mariners purposely timed their arrival at Magellan's Straits and Cape Horn for June, in ignorance of the fact that this month in the Southern hemisphere corresponds to December in the Northern.

† Spanish ambassador at the Court of St. James's.

Mendoza's letters not mentioned by any English writer, that Drake was himself the executioner, choosing to bear the entire responsibility.

"'This done,' writes an eyewitness, 'the general made divers speeches to the whole company, persuading us to unity, obedience, and regard of our voyage, and for the better confirmation thereof willed every man the Sunday following to prepare himself to receive the Communion as Christian brothers and friends ought to do, which was done in very reverend sort; and so with good contentment every man went about his business.'

"You must take this last incident into your conception of Drake's character, think of it how you please.

"It was now midwinter, the stormiest season of the year, and they remained for six weeks in Port St. Julian. They burnt the twelve-ton pinnace, as too small for the work they had now before them, and there remained only the *Pelican*, the *Elizabeth*, and the *Marigold*. In cold wild weather they weighed at last, and on August 20 made the opening of Magellan's Straits. The passage is seventy miles long, tortuous and dangerous. They had no charts. The ships' boats led, taking soundings as they advanced. Icy mountains overhung them on either side; heavy snow fell below. They brought up occasionally at an island to rest the men, and let them kill a few seals and penguins to give them fresh food. Everything they saw was new, wild, and wonderful.

"Having to feel their way, they were three weeks in getting through.* They had counted on reaching the Pacific that the worst of their work was over, and

* Seventeen days; this record was not beaten by a sailing-ship till 1843.

that they could run north at once into warmer and calmer latitudes. The peaceful ocean, when they entered it, proved the stormiest they had ever sailed on. A fierce westerly gale drove them 600 miles to the south-east outside the Horn. It had been supposed, hitherto, that Tierra del Fuego was solid land to the South Pole, and that the straits were the only communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific.* They now learnt the true shape and character of the Western Continent. In the latitude of Cape Horn a westerly gale blows for ever round the globe; the waves the highest anywhere known. The *Marigold* went down in the tremendous encounter. Captain Winter, in the *Elizabeth*, made his way back into Magellan's Straits. There he lay for three weeks, lighting fires nightly to show Drake where he was, but no Drake appeared. They had agreed, if separated, to meet on the coast in the latitude of Valparaiso; but Winter was chicken-hearted, or else traitorous like Doughty, and sore, we are told, 'against the mariners' will,' when the three weeks were out, he

* Columbus set out on his first and greatest voyage firmly convinced that the waters of the wide Atlantic were bounded on their further side by the Old World's eastern shores. In this conviction he christened the INDIES, and in this conviction he died.

Inheriting a certain amount of inexact information relative to Indian geography, he expected on reaching the coast of ASIA to find that continent fringed with islands, and to the south of the islands the mainland of a southern continent (Australia?). Somewhere midway between the Asiatic coast and the southern continent he expected to find narrow straits (Straits of Malacca?) leading to the Indian Ocean and the Red Sea. On his fourth journey he looked vainly for this passage in the latitude of Panama!

Magellan found the longed-for waterway (1520) thousands of miles to the south, and stay-at-home geographers reconciled his discovery with tradition by supposing that there was still another continent to the south of Magellan's Straits. Drake's voyage was therefore of vast importance in the progress of geographical knowledge.

Map shewing position occupied by the Straits of Magellan on sixteenth-century maps prior to Drake's voyage round the world

The Passage through the Straits of Magellan

sailed away for England, where he reported that all the ships were lost but the *Pelican*, and that the *Pelican* was probably lost too.

"Drake had believed better of Winter, and had not expected to be so deserted. He had himself taken refuge among the islands which form the Cape, waiting for the spring and milder weather. He used the time in making surveys, and observing the habits of the native Patagonians, whom he found a tough race, going naked amidst ice and snow. The days lengthened, and the sea smoothed at last. He then sailed for Valparaiso, hoping to meet Winter there, as he had arranged. At Valparaiso there was no Winter, but there was in the port instead a great galleon just come in from Peru. The galleon's crew took him for a Spaniard, hoisted their colours, and beat their drums. The *Pelican* shot alongside. The English sailors in high spirits leapt on board. A Plymouth lad who could speak Spanish knocked down the first man he met with an 'Abajo, perro!' 'Down, you dog, down!' No life was taken; Drake never hurt man if he could help it. The crew crossed themselves, jumped overboard, and swam ashore. The prize was examined. Four hundred pounds' weight of gold was found in her, besides other plunder.

"The galleon being disposed of, Drake and his men pulled ashore to look at the town. The people had all fled. In the church they found a chalice, two cruets, and an altar-cloth, which were made over to the chaplain to improve his Communion furniture. A few pipes of wine and a Greek pilot who knew the way to Lima completed the booty. . .

"Still hoping to find Winter in advance of him, Drake went on next to Tarapaca, where silver from the Andes

mines was shipped for Panama. At Tarapaca there was the same unconsciousness of danger. The silver bars lay piled on the quay, the muleteers who had brought them were sleeping peacefully in the sunshine at their side. The muleteers were left to their slumbers. The bars were lifted into the English boats. A train of mules or llamas came in at the moment with a second load as rich as the first. This, too, went into the *Pelican's* hold. The bullion taken at Tarapaca was worth near half a million ducats.*

"Still there was no news of Winter. Drake began to realize that he was now entirely alone, and had only himself and his own crew to depend on. There was nothing to do but to go through with it, danger adding to the interest. Arica was the next point visited. Half a hundred blocks of silver were picked up at Arica. After Arica came Lima, the chief depôt of all, where the grandest haul was looked for. At Lima, alas! they were just too late. Twelve great hulks lay anchored there. The sails were unbent, the men were ashore. They contained nothing but some chests of reals† and a few bales of silk and linen. But a thirteenth, called by the gods *Our Lady of the Conception*, called by men *Cacafuego*, a name incapable of translation, had sailed a few days before for the isthmus, with the whole produce of the Lima mines for the season. Her ballast was silver, her cargo gold and emeralds and rubies.

"Drake deliberately cut the cables of the ships in the roads, that they might drive ashore and be unable to follow him. The *Pelican* spread her wings, every feather of them, and sped away in pursuit. He would

* Ducat, worth 4s. 6d., if silver; and 9s., if gold.
† Reals, three-penny bits.

know the *Cacafuego*, so he learnt at Lima, by the peculiar cut of her sails. The first man who caught sight of her was promised a gold chain for his reward. A sail was seen on the second day. It was not the chase, but it was worth stopping for. Eighty pounds' weight of gold was found, and a great gold crucifix, set with emeralds said to be as large as pigeon's eggs. They took the kernel. They left the shell. Still on and on. We learn from the Spanish accounts that the Viceroy of Lima, as soon as he recovered from his astonishment, despatched ships in pursuit. They came up with the plundered vessel, heard terrible tales of the rovers' strength, and went back for a larger force. The *Pelican* meanwhile went along upon her course for 800 miles. At length, when in the latitude of Quito and close under the shore, the *Cacafuego's* peculiar sails were sighted, and the gold chain was claimed. There she was, freighted with the fruit of Aladdin's garden, going lazily along a few miles ahead. Care was needed in approaching her. If she guessed the *Pelican's* character, she would run in upon the land and they would lose her. It was afternoon. The sun was still above the horizon, and Drake meant to wait till night, when the breeze would be off the shore, as in the tropics it always is.

"The *Pelican* sailed two feet to the *Cacafuego's* one. Drake filled his empty wine-skins with water and trailed them astern to stop his way. The chase supposed that she was followed by some heavy-laden trader, and, wishing for company on a lonely voyage, she slackened sail and waited for him to come up. At length the sun went down into the ocean, the rosy light faded from off the snows of the Andes; and when both ships had become invisible from the shore, the

skins were hauled in, the night wind rose, and the water began to ripple under the *Pelican's* bows. The *Cacafuego* was swiftly overtaken, and when within a cable's length a voice hailed her to put her head into the wind. The Spanish commander, not understanding so strange an order, held on his course. A broadside brought down his mainyard, and a flight of arrows rattled on his deck. He was himself wounded. In a few minutes he was a prisoner, and *Our Lady of the Conception* and her precious freight were in the corsair's power. The wreck was cut away; the ship was cleared; a prize crew was put on board. Both vessels turned their heads to the sea. At daybreak no land was to be seen, and the examination of the prize began. The full value was never acknowledged. The invoice, if there was one, was destroyed. The accurate figures were known only to Drake and to Queen Elizabeth. A published schedule acknowledged to twenty tons of silver bullion, thirteen chests of silver coins, and a hundredweight of gold, but there were gold nuggets besides in indefinite quantity, and 'a great store' of pearls, emeralds, and diamonds. The Spanish Government proved a loss of a million and a half of ducats, excluding what belonged to private persons. The total capture was immeasurably greater.

"Drake, we are told, was greatly satisfied. He thought it prudent to stay in the neighbourhood no longer than necessary. He went north with all sail set, taking his prize along with him. The master, San Juan de Anton, was removed on board the *Pelican* to have his wound attended to. He remained as Drake's guest for a week, and sent in a report of what he observed to the Spanish Government. One at

least of Drake's party spoke excellent Spanish. This person took San Juan over the ship. She showed signs, San Juan said, of rough service, but was still in fine condition with ample arms, spare ropes, mattocks, carpenters' tools of all descriptions. There were 85 men on board all told, fifty of them men-of-war, the rest young fellows, ship-boys and the like. Drake himself was treated with great reverence; a sentinel stood always at his cabin door. He dined alone with music.

"No mystery was made of the *Pelican's* exploits. The chaplain showed San Juan the crucifix set with emeralds, and asked him if he could seriously believe that to be God. San Juan asked Drake how he meant to go home. Drake showed him a globe with three courses traced on it. There was the way that he had come, there was the way by China and the Cape of Good Hope, and there was a third way which he did not explain. San Juan asked if Spain and England were at war. Drake said he had a commission from the Queen. His captures were for her, not for himself. He added afterwards that the Viceroy of Mexico had robbed him and his kinsman, and he was making good his losses. . . .

"After a week's detention San Juan and his men were restored to the empty *Cacafuego*, and allowed to go. On their way back they fell in with the two cruisers sent in pursuit from Lima, reinforced by a third from Panama. They were now fully armed; they went in chase, and according to their own account came up with the *Pelican*. But they seemed to have been terrified at Drake as a sort of devil. They confessed that they dared not attack him, and again went back for more assistance. The Viceroy abused

them as cowards, arrested the officers, despatched others again with peremptory orders to seize Drake, even if he was the devil, but by that time their questionable visitor had flown. They found nothing, perhaps to their relief.

"A despatch went instantly across the Atlantic to Philip. One squadron was sent off from Cadiz to watch the Straits of Magellan, and another to patrol the Caribbean Sea. It was thought that Drake's third way was no seaway at all,* that he meant to leave the *Pelican* at Darien, carry his plunder over the mountains, and build a ship at Honduras to take him home. His real idea was that he might hit off the passage to the north of which Frobisher and Davis thought they had found the eastern entrance. He stood on towards California, picking up an occasional straggler in the China trade, with silk, porcelain, gold, and emeralds. Fresh water was a necessity. He put in at Guatulco for it, and his proceedings were humorously prompt. The alcaldes at Guatulco were in session trying a batch of negroes. An English boat's crew appeared in court, tied the alcaldes hand and foot, and carried them off to the *Pelican*, there to remain as hostages till the water-casks were filled.

"North again he fell in with a galleon carrying out a new Governor to the Philippines. The Governor was relieved of his boxes and his jewels, and then, says one of the party, 'Our General, thinking himself in respect of his private injuries received from the Spaniards, as also their contempt and indignities offered to our country and Prince, sufficiently satisfied and revenged, and supposing her Majesty would rest

* The Spaniards, of course, could not guess that Drake might return round Cape Horn.

contented with his service, began to consider the best way home.' The first necessity was a complete overhaul of the ship. Before the days of copper sheathing* weeds grew thick under water. Barnacles formed in clusters, stopping the speed, and sea-worms bored through the planking. Twenty thousand miles lay between the *Pelican* and Plymouth Sound, and Drake was not a man to run idle chances. Still holding his north course till he had left the furthest Spanish settlement far to the south he put into Canoas Bay in California, laid the *Pelican* ashore, set up forge and workshop, and repaired and re-rigged her with a month's labour from stem to stern. With every rope new set up and new canvas on every yard, he started again on April 16, 1579, and continued up the coast to Oregon. The air grew cold though it was summer. The men felt it from having been so long in the tropics, and dropped out of health. There was still no sign of a passage. If passage there was, Drake perceived that it must be of enormous length. Magellan's Straits, he guessed, would be watched for him, so he decided on the route by the Cape of Good Hope. In the Philippine ship he had found a chart of the Indian Archipelago. With the help of this and his own skill he hoped to find his way. He went down again to San Francisco, landed there, found the soil teeming with gold, made acquaintance with an Indian king who hated the Spaniards and wished to become an English subject. But Drake had no leisure to annex new territories. Avoiding the course from Mexico to the Philippines, he made a direct

* Introduced into the Royal Navy by Admiral Keppel, who fought against the French fleet during the War of American Independence, 1775–83.

course to the Moluccas, and brought up again at the island of Celebes. Here the *Pelican* was a second time docked and scraped. The crew had a month's rest among the fireflies and vampires of the tropical forest. Leaving Celebes, they entered on the most perilous part of the whole voyage. They wound their way among coral reefs and low islands scarcely visible above the water-line. In their chart the only outlet marked into the Indian Ocean was by the Straits of Malacca. But Drake guessed rightly that there must be some nearer opening, and felt his way looking for it along the coast of Java. Spite of all his care, he was once on the edge of destruction. One evening as night was closing in a grating sound was heard under the *Pelican's* keel. In another moment she was hard and fast on a reef. The breeze was light and the water smooth, or the world would have heard no more of Francis Drake. She lay immovable till daybreak. At dawn the position was seen not to be entirely desperate. Drake himself showed all the qualities of a great commander. Cannon were thrown over and cargo that was not needed. In the afternoon, the wind changing, the lightened vessel lifted off the rocks and was saved."

. . .

"The *Pelican* met with no more adventures. Sweeping in fine clear weather round the Cape of Good Hope, she touched once for water at Sierra Leone, and finally sailed in triumph into Plymouth harbour, where she had been given up for lost, having traced the first furrow round the globe." *

* The last words of the sentence may seem strange to those who are acquainted with the exploits of Magellan. Irritated by want of encouragement from his royal master the King of Portugal, Magellan

After reading the foregoing narrative it is easier to understand why historians have described Drake's voyage round the world as the most glorious achievement of the Elizabethan age, but it still remains difficult for those who live in an age which has annihilated distance to appreciate properly the lavish praise of Drake's contemporaries. In order to arouse similar enthusiasm to-day it would be necessary to cross the Atlantic in an airship, or construct an etheroplane for the navigation of space. Even Queen Elizabeth, who certainly never deserved the blessing that descends upon the cheerful giver, flung discretion to the winds, and conferred the dignity of knighthood upon the universal favourite.

Meanwhile events neared a crisis in the Low Countries. Exactly a year after Drake's return, in the autumn of 1581, the Dutch* renounced their allegiance to Philip II. This act is more important than the mere words convey. Those who issued the

entered the service of the Emperor Charles V (King also of Spain), and in September, 1519, set out on his famous voyage. After passing through the straits which are still known by his name, Magellan perished in defence of a native convert in the Ladrone Islands. Eventually one of his ships, the *Victoria* (after annexing the Philippines), found a westward passage between Java and Australia, and so worked her way home past the Cape of Good Hope. The importance of the expedition lay in the light it threw upon the discoveries of Columbus, which were proved to be part of a New World, and not part of Asia, as had been supposed. It is not untrue to say that Drake "traced the first furrow round the globe," because, although certain of Magellan's sturdy team returned to the homestead, the voice of the ploughman had ceased to guide them. Drake was, of course, the first Englishman to put a "girdle round the earth."

* This name must be understood to mean the Netherlanders north of the Rhine. They united in 1579, but did not win recognition as a sovereign state till 1648. The Netherlanders south of the Rhine (the Flemings) were won back to their allegiance, and remained Spanish till 1713.

Declaration of Independence were no longer Spanish rebels in resistance to their lawful sovereign, but a long-suffering nation heroically resisting the invasion of their hearths. Relations between England and the Dutch assumed a different complexion at once, and Elizabeth began to contemplate active co-operation and alliance with them in exactly the same way that the French determined to join the New Englanders after they had transformed themselves into Americans by the Declaration of July 4th, 1776. The opening of negotiations infuriated Philip, who redoubled his efforts to rid the world of those children of iniquity—William the Silent, the Washington of Holland, and Elizabeth, the sorceress whose enchantments set free the very Dragons of the Deep. Balthasar Gerard set himself to murder the Prince of Orange, and Francis Throgmorton organized a plot in England to assassinate the Queen. Balthasar Gerard found admittance to the Prince, and shot him dead upon the staircase of his own house (1584). Throgmorton failed, and loyal Englishmen, grateful for the merciful escape of their Queen, combined to form a voluntary association for the protection of her person. The death of Orange brought home to Elizabeth in a very real way the extremity of her peril, and if anything further was needed to rouse the deepest anger of which her Tudor heart was capable, Philip supplied it when he ordered English corn to relieve a famine in his own land, and on its arrival made summary seizure not only of the corn, but of the ships and mariners as well.

Elizabeth unchained her Dragon!

THE DESCENT ON THE INDIES. 1585-6

In September, 1585, Drake in the *Elizabeth Buonaventura* set forth with a fleet of twenty-five vessels and 2,500 men. Martin Frobisher was second in command · Christopher Carlile, who had seen plenty of service in the Low Countries, commanded the soldiers. At the last moment Drake seems to have had some misgivings as to whether his royal mistress would really allow him to proceed. He therefore set out before he was properly equipped, and with delightful impudence completed his preparations in Vigo Bay, so laying part of the expense of raiding Philip II's dominions upon the shoulders of His Catholic Majesty himself. From Vigo the expedition made for Sant Iago, in the Cape Verde Islands. Attacked by Carlile from the land, and Drake from the sea, the town surrendered, and the Dragon's brood, leaving behind them a smouldering heap of ashes, proceeded on their way to the West Indies, and the Spanish Main.*

* It should be understood that the "Spanish Main" was an abbreviation for "Spanish Mainland." The Mainland (in contrast of course, to the Islands) comprised the north coast of South America together with the isthmus of Darien. The capital of the Main was Carthagena. Of the islands precedence was given to Hispaniola (Espinola), the island of Columbus, with its capital, San Domingo.

The reader will notice the odour of sanctity which breathes in so many of the Spanish place-names in the New World. The Spaniards from the earliest days of exploration always regarded their journeys as partaking largely of the nature of a crusade. They took possession of new-found lands in the name of the Cross at Vera Cruz (the True Cross), and at Santa Cruz (the Holy Cross), or in the name of the Trinity (Trinidad), and the Most Holy Trinity (Santissima Trinidad). Saint James (Iago), the national saint, was of course frequently remembered, St. Vincent also, and St. Dominic (Domingo).

[From Froude's *English Seamen.*]

"The Spaniards were magnificent in all that they did and touched. They built their cities in their new possessions on the most splendid models of the Old World. St. Domingo and Carthagena had their castles and cathedrals, palaces, squares, and streets, grand and solid as those at Cadiz and Seville, and raised as enduring monuments of the power and greatness of the Castilian monarchs. To these Drake meant to pay a visit. Beyond them was the Isthmus, where he had made his first fame and fortune, with Panama behind, the depôt of the Indian treasure. So far all had gone well with him. He had taken what he wanted out of Vigo; he had destroyed Sant Iago and had not lost a man. Unfortunately he had now a worse enemy to deal with than Spanish galleons, or Spanish garrisons. He was in the heat of the tropics. Yellow fever broke out and spread through the fleet. Of those who caught the infection few recovered, or recovered only to be the wrecks of themselves. It was swift in its work. In a few days more than two hundred had died. But the north-east trade blew merrily. The fleet sped on before it. In eighteen days they were in the roads at Dominica, the island of brooks and rivers and fruit. Limes and lemons and oranges were not as yet. But there were leaves and roots of the natural growth, known to the Caribs as antidotes to the fever, and the Caribs, when they learnt that the English were the Spaniard's enemies, brought them this precious remedy and taught them the use of it. The ships were washed and ventilated, and the water-casks refilled. The infection seemed to have gone as suddenly as it appeared, and again all was well.

KING ALFRED'S COLLEGE
LIBRARY

"Christmas was kept at St. Kitts, which was then uninhabited. A council of war was held to consider what should be done next. St. Domingo lay nearest to them. It was the finest of all the Spanish colonial cities. It was the capital of the West Indian Government, the great centre of West Indian commerce. In the cathedral, before the high altar, lay Columbus and his brother Diego. In natural wealth no island in the world outrivals Espinola,* where the city stood.

HISPANIOLA

A vast population had collected there, far away from harm, protected, as they supposed, by the majesty of the mother country, the native inhabitants almost exterminated, themselves undreaming that any enemy could approach them from the ocean, and therefore

* Hispaniola, or Espinola, is as large as Scotland. To-day it is divided politically into two parts. The western division (known as Hayti, or the Highlands) is a Negro Republic; the eastern (San Domingo) is a Mulatto Republic. The population is so lazy and so degraded that no effort is made to reap advantage from the fact that the island lies midway between the two most important passages connecting the Atlantic with the Caribbean, and possesses a soil munificently fertile.

negligent of defence and enjoying themselves in easy security.

"Drake was to give them a new experience and a lesson for the future. On their way across from St. Kitts the adventurers overhauled a small vessel bound to the same port as they were. From the crew of this vessel they learnt that the harbour at St. Domingo was formed, like so many others in the West Indies, by a long sandspit, acting as a natural breakwater. The entrance was a narrow inlet at the extremity of the spit, and batteries had been mounted there to cover it. To land on the outer side of the sandbank was made impossible by the surf. There was one sheltered point only where boats could go on shore, but this was ten miles distant from the town.

"Ten miles was but a morning's march. Drake went in himself in a pinnace, surveyed the landing-place, and satisfied himself of its safety. The plan of attack at Sant Iago was to be exactly repeated. On New Year's Eve Christopher Carlile was again landed with half the force in the fleet. Drake remained with the rest, and prepared to force the entrance of the harbour if Carlile succeeded. Their coming had been seen from the city. The alarm had been given, and the women and children, the money in the treasury, the consecrated plate, movable property of all kinds, were sent off inland as a precaution. Of regular troops there seem to have been none, but in so populous a city there was no difficulty in collecting a respectable force to defend it. The hidalgos formed a body of cavalry. The people generally were unused to arms, but they were Spaniards and brave men, and did not mean to leave their homes without a fight for it. Carlile lay still for the night. He marched at eight

in the morning on New Year's Day [1586], advanced leisurely, and at noon found himself in front of the wall. So far he had met no resistance, but a considerable body of horse—gentlemen and their servants chiefly—charged down on him out of the bush and out of the town. He formed into a square to receive them. They came on gallantly, but were received with pike and shot, and after a few attempts gave up and retired. Two gates were in front of Carlile, with a road to each leading through a jungle. At each gate were cannon, and the jungle was lined with musketeers. He divided his men and attacked both together. One party he led in person. The cannon opened on him, and an Englishman next to him was killed. He dashed on, leaving the Spaniards no time to reload, carried the gate at a rush, and cut his way through the streets to the great square. The second division had been equally successful, and St. Domingo was theirs except the castle, which was still untaken. Carlile's numbers were too small to occupy a large city. He threw up barricades and fortified himself in the square for the night. Drake brought the fleet in at daybreak, and landed guns, when the castle surrendered. A messenger—a negro boy—was sent to the governor to learn the terms which he was prepared to offer to save the city from pillage. The Spanish officers were smarting with the disgrace. One of them struck the lad through the body with a lance. He ran back bleeding to the English lines and died at Drake's feet. Sir Francis was a dangerous man to provoke. Such doings had to be promptly stopped. In the part of the town which he occupied was a monastery with a number of friars in it. The religious orders, he well knew, were the chief insti-

gators of the policy which was maddening the world. He sent two of these friars with the provost-marshal to the spot where the boy had been struck, promptly hanged them, and then despatched another to tell the governor that he would hang two more every day at the same place till the officer was punished. The Spaniards had long learnt to call Drake the Draque, the serpent, the devil. They feared that the devil might be a man of his word. The offender was surrendered. It was not enough. Drake insisted that they should do justice on him themselves. The governor found it prudent to comply, and the too hasty officer was executed.

"The next point was the ransom of the city. The Spaniards still hesitating, 200 men were told off each morning to burn, while the rest searched the private houses and palaces and magazines. Government House was the grandest building in the New World. It was approached by broad flights of marble stairs. Great doors opened on a spacious gallery leading into a great hall, and above the portico hung the arms of Spain—a globe representing the world, a horse leaping upon it, and in the horse's mouth a scroll with the haughty motto, 'Non sufficit orbis.' * Palace and scutcheon were levelled into dust by axe and gunpowder, and each day for a month the destruction went on, Drake's demands steadily growing and the unhappy governor vainly pleading impossibility. . . .

"It was found in the end that the governor's plea of impossibility was more real than was at first believed. The gold and silver had been really carried off. All else that was valuable had been burnt or taken by the English. The destruction of a city so solidly built

* The World is too small for us.

was tedious and difficult. Nearly half of it was blown up. The cathedral was spared, perhaps as the resting-place of Columbus. Drake had other work before him. After staying a month in undisturbed occupation he agreed to accept 25,000 ducats as a ransom for what was left and sailed away.

"It was now February. The hot season was coming on, when the climate would be dangerous. There was still much to do and the time was running short. Panama had to be left for another opportunity. Drake's object was to deal blows which would shake the faith of Europe in the Spanish power. Carthagena stood next to St. Domingo among the Spanish West Indian fortresses. The situation was strong. In 1740 Carthagena was able to beat off Vernon and a great English fleet. But Drake's crews were in high health and spirits, and he determined to see what he could do with it. Surprise was no longer to be hoped for. The alarm had spread over the Caribbean Sea. But in their present humour they were ready to go anywhere and dare anything, and to Carthagena they went.

"Drake's name carried terror before it. Every non-combatant—old men, women, and children—had been cleared out before he arrived, but the rest prepared for a smart defence. The harbour at Carthagena was formed as at St. Domingo and Port Royal, by a sandspit. The spit was long, narrow, in places not fifty yards wide, and covered with prickly bush, and along this, as before, it was necessary to advance to reach the city. A trench had been cut across at the neck, and a stiff barricade built and armed with heavy guns; behind this were several hundred musketeers, while the bush was full of Indians

with poisoned arrows. Pointed stakes—poisoned also—had been driven into the ground along the approaches, on which to step was death. Two large galleys, full of men, patrolled inside the bank on the harbour edge, and with these preparations the inhabitants hoped to keep the dreadful Drake from reaching them. Carlile, as before, was to do the land fighting. He was set on shore three miles down the spit. The tide is slight in those seas, but he waited till it was out, and advanced along the outer shore at low-water mark. He was thus covered by the bank from the harbour galleys, and their shots passed over him. Two squadrons of horse came out, but could do nothing to him on the broken ground. The English pushed on to the wall, scarcely losing a man. They charged, scaled the parapets, and drove the Spanish infantry back at point of pike. Carlile killed their commander with his own hand. The rest fled after a short struggle, and Drake was master of Carthagena. Here for six weeks he remained. The Spaniards withdrew out of the city, and there were again parleys over the ransom money. Courtesies were exchanged among the officers. Drake entertained the governor and his suite. The governor returned the hospitality and received Drake and the English captains. Drake demanded 100,000 ducats. The Spaniards offered 30,000, and protested that they could pay no more. The dispute might have lasted longer, but it was cut short by the reappearance of the yellow fever in the fleet, this time in deadlier form. The Spanish offer was accepted, and Carthagena was left to its owners. It was time to be off, for the heat was telling, and the men began to drop with appalling rapidity. Nombre de Dios and Panama were near and under their

lee, and Drake threw longing eyes on what, if all else had been well, might have proved an easy capture. But on a review of their strength, it was found that there were but 700 fit for duty who could be spared for the service, and a council of war decided that a march across the Isthmus with so small a force was too dangerous to be ventured. Enough had been done for glory, enough for the political impression to be made in Europe. The King of Spain had been dared in his own dominions. Three fine Spanish cities had been captured by storm and held to ransom. In other aspects the success had fallen short of expectation. This time they had taken no *Cacafuego* with a year's produce of the mines in her hold. The plate and coin had been carried off, and the spoils had been in a form not easily turned to value. The expedition had been fitted out by private persons to pay its own costs. The result in money was but £60,000. Forty thousand had to be set aside for expenses. There remained but £20,000 to be shared among the ships' companies. Men and officers had entered, high and low, without wages, on the chance of what they might get. The officers and owners gave a significant demonstration of the splendid spirit in which they had gone about their work. They decided to relinquish their own claims on the ransom paid for Carthagena, and bestow the same on the common seamen, 'wishing it were so much again as would be a sufficient reward for their painful endeavour.'

"Thus all were well satisfied, conscious all that they had done their duty to their Queen and country. The adventurers' fleet turned homewards at the beginning of April.'

A country with oversea possessions must spend her money on battleships, and suppress an inclination to erect masonry for the purposes of defence. Had Spain in Drake's day maintained a West Indian squadron she would not only have been in a better position to defend her possessions, but she would have established the best possible school for marine training. The defence of British interests in the West Indies during the War of American Independence not only produced a Hood and a Rodney, but led the way to important advances in the progress of naval tactics. When Spain and England met in 1588, it was Spain who was proudly conscious of a great fleet action which had brought her unfading laurels; but the Battle of Lepanto,* though the most famous

* The Battle of Lepanto was fought on October 7th, 1571.

The Turks had obtained their first footing in Europe at the capture of Constantinople in 1453. For many years after that event they were occupied with the organization of territories which included Palestine, Egypt, and Asia Minor, and in the subjugation of the Balkan peninsula. Thus it came about that Vienna was not besieged until the reign of Solyman the Magnificent (1520–66). The difficulties of land transport in so mountainous an empire taught the Turks to appreciate the advantages of sea power, and under such famous admirals as Barbarossa and Dragut they captured Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, Rhodes, Crete, and Cyprus. Malta gallantly withstood all assaults; and when Cyprus was threatened, Spain resolved to challenge on the sea the greatest naval power that the world had seen since the fall of Rome, a power (it must be remembered) which up to this time had not known the meaning of the word defeat. Piali, the Turkish commander, had 300 ships, and not less than 120,000 men. Don John of Austria, Philip II's half-brother, who commanded the allied forces of Venice and Spain, had 264 ships, 26,000 soldiers, and 50,000 rowers and sailors. The ships were, for the most part, galleys, and the battle that followed has often been compared to a land battle at sea. The allies with consummate gallantry came to close quarters with their adversaries, who, confident in the virtue of an unbroken record, welcomed the attack. Piali, in attempting a flank attack (!), met his death early in the afternoon, and after a most bloody encounter victory declared itself unmistakably on the side of the Christians. Of the Turkish fleet but 50 escaped; from 25,000 to 30,000 Turks were slain;

encounter in the Mediterranean since Agrippa's victory at Actium (B.C. 31), taught the Spaniards nothing of the management of sailing-ships in the storm and stress of conflict. That art upon which (had they but known it) the very existence of their empire depended could be learnt in the West Indies, and in the West Indies alone.

During Drake's absence, events on this side of the Atlantic had moved with unaccustomed rapidity. The negotiations mentioned on an earlier page terminated in the despatch of the Earl of Leicester to fill the place rendered vacant by the death of William the Silent. Leicester had the advantage of the incomparable talents of Sir Philip Sidney, but he was opposed by the best of Philip's lieutenants, Alexander of Parma, and his mission was not a success. Indeed it is chiefly remembered for the death of Sidney in a vain attempt to capture the town of Zutphen, which still retained its Spanish garrison. Considerable feeling was aroused in the Netherlands against English mismanagement; but had the Dutch realized the fact, they were deriving incalculable advantage from their English allies, whose presence in his country convinced

and 10,000 Christian slaves were rescued from bondage. The allies also lost heavily, but Spain had won for herself the firstfruits of modern naval victories.

The battle is interesting, because it supplies a clue to the Spanish intentions at Armada time. Suppose that Howard had emulated the temerity of Piali and awaited an encounter at close quarters: then Medina Sidonia might have attempted successfully the flank attack that proved so fatal to Piali at Lepanto. Certain it is that the British could do nothing to cripple their foe until the Calais fire-ships destroyed the Crescent, or Land-Battle-on-Sea formation. Lepanto fight is also important because it not only closed the story of the Turkish Naval Power, but it terminated for ever the career of the oar-propelled galley as the vessel of warfare in the Mediterranean.

Philip that the time had really come to appeal to the arbitrament of war.

One last attempt after the old manner received his most hearty support. Antony Babington was entrusted with the execution of a plot which included the assassination of Elizabeth and the liberation of Mary, a Spanish invasion and the coronation of the Queen of Scots as Queen of England. The unhappy Mary gave her consent to the plot, which was foiled by the sleepless vigilance of Walsingham. The sequel is well known: it was pointed out to Elizabeth that she could not reasonably hope to save the life both of herself and of the Queen of Scots, and most reluctantly she signed the warrant for the death of her sister Queen. Mary was beheaded at Fotheringay Castle on Feb. 8, 1587, and with her dying breath bequeathed her fairest treasure, the "Crown of England," to her cousin the King of Spain, who (be it noted) could actually trace his descent back to John of Gaunt.

Philip was quick to realize the difference in his position occasioned by Mary's death. She had been the pivot on which all his schemes had turned. It was no longer certain that Catholic England would rise, when there was no longer any visible object to justify a rising. His plots had failed, but those plots had been undertaken with a definite object, and unless that object was to be abandoned the work must not cease for a moment. Unless Elizabeth was removed the Netherlands would be lost, and the Indies would not enjoy another hour of peace. There was only one thing to be done: he must send a splendid Armada, similar to that with which Don John and Santa Cruz had checked the victorious Turk at Lepanto.

HOW SIR FRANCIS SINGED THE KING OF SPAIN'S BEARD. 1587

[From Froude's *English Seamen.*]

"Every dockyard in Spain was set to work, building galleons and collecting stores. Santa Cruz would command. Philip was himself more resolved than ever to accompany the expedition in person and dictate from the English Channel the conditions of the pacification of Europe.

"Secrecy was no longer attempted—indeed, was no longer possible. All Latin Christendom was palpitating with expectation. At Lisbon,* at Cadiz, at Barcelona, at Naples, the shipwrights were busy night and day. The sea was covered with vessels freighted with arms and provisions streaming to the mouth of the Tagus. Catholic volunteers from all nations flocked into the Peninsula, to take a share in the mighty movement which was to decide the fate of the world, and bishops, priests, and monks were set praying through the whole Latin Communion that Heaven would protect its own cause.

"Meantime the negotiations for peace continued, and Elizabeth, strange to say, persisted in listening. She would not see what was plain to all the world besides. . . . Happily her moods were variable as

* In 1581 Philip had the satisfaction of rounding off his home possessions by the annexation of Portugal. This union proved extremely unfortunate for the smaller country, because she was compelled to share with Spain a volume of hostility which she had done nothing to deserve. During the great days of exploration Portugal had won for herself an Empire in the East second only to the Spanish Empire in the West. When she became incorporated with her rival her valuable oversea possessions were preyed upon relentlessly by the English and the Dutch.

the weather. . . . She had lost nothing by the bold actions of Drake and the privateers. With half a heart she allowed Drake to fit them out again, take the *Buonaventura*, a ship of her own, to carry his flag, and go down to the coast of Spain and see what was going on. He was not to do too much. She sent a vice-admiral with him, in the *Lion*, to be a check on over-audacity. Drake knew how to deal with embarrassing vice-admirals.* His own adventurers would sail, if he ordered, to the Mountains of the Moon, and be quite certain that it was the right place to go to. Once under way and on the blue water he would go his own course and run his own risks. Cadiz Harbour was thronged with transports, provision ships, powder vessels—a hundred sail of them—many of a thousand tons and over, loading with stores for the Armada. There were thirty sail of adventurers, the smartest ships afloat on the ocean, and sailed by the smartest seamen that ever handled rope or tiller. Something might be done at Cadiz if he did not say too much about it. The leave had been given to him to go, but he knew by experience that it might, and probably would, be revoked if he waited too long. The moment was his own, and he used it. He was but just in time. Before his sails were under the horizon a courier galloped into Plymouth with orders that under no condition was he to enter port or haven of the King of Spain, or injure Spanish subjects. What else was he going out for? He had guessed how it would be. Comedy or earnest he could not tell. If

* The allusion is of course to Doughty. In the present instance Drake found occasion, before the termination of the cruise, to lock the vice-admiral up in his own cabin, and finally sent him home to lodge complaints in a quarter where they were more likely to win an audience.

earnest, some such order would be sent after him, and he had not an instant to lose.

"He sailed on the morning of the 12th of April. Off Ushant he fell in with a north-west gale, and he flew on, spreading every stitch of canvas which his spars would bear. In five days he was at Cape St. Vincent. On the 18th he had the white houses of Cadiz right in front of him, and could see for himself the forests of masts from the ships and transports with which the harbour was choked. Here was a chance for a piece of service if there was courage for the venture. He signalled for his officers to come on board the *Buonaventura*. There before their eyes was, if not the Armada itself, the materials which were to fit the Armada for the seas. Did they dare to go in with him and destroy them? There were batteries at the harbour mouth, but Drake's mariners had faced Spanish batteries at St. Domingo and Carthagena and had not found them very formidable. Go in? Of course they would. Where Drake would lead the corsairs of Plymouth were never afraid to follow. The vice-admiral pleaded danger to her Majesty's ships. It was not the business of an English fleet to be particular about danger. Straight in they went with a fair wind and a flood tide, ran past the batteries and under a storm of shot, to which they did not trouble themselves to wait to reply. The poor vice-admiral followed reluctantly in the *Lion*. A single shot hit the *Lion*, and he edged away out of range, anchored, and drifted to sea again with the ebb. But Drake and all the rest dashed on, sank the guardship —a large galleon—and sent flying a fleet of galleys which ventured too near them and were never seen again.

"Further resistance there was none—absolutely none. The crews of the store ships escaped in their boats to land. The governor of Cadiz, the same duke of Medina Sidonia who the next year was to gain a disastrous immortality, fled 'like a tall gentleman' to raise troops and prevent Drake from landing. Drake had no intention of landing. At his extreme leisure he took possession of the Spanish shipping, searched every vessel, and carried off everything that he could use. He detained as prisoners the few men that he found on board, and then, after doing his work deliberately and completely, he set the hulls on fire, cut the cables, and left them to drive on the rising tide under the walls of the town—a confused mass of blazing ruin. On the 12th of April he had sailed from Plymouth; on the 19th he entered Cadiz harbour; on the 1st of May he passed out again without the loss of a boat or a man. He said in jest that he had singed the King of Spain's beard for him.* In sober

* "The phrase was accurate as well as humorous. He had insulted the enemy, and had done him as much injury as would compel him to abstain from action for the time being, but he had not seriously crippled his power."—DAVID HANNAY.

The very mention of Philip's beard sets us wondering what Philip was like. Had he a literal beard as well as a metaphorical one? Would Drake have treated it with indignity had he met the king face to face? The following description is from Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*:—

"Philip the Second was a small, meagre man, much below the middle height, with thin legs, a narrow chest, and the shrinking, timid air of an habitual invalid. . . . 'His body,' says the professed panegyrist, 'was but a human cage, in which, however brief and narrow, dwelt a soul to whose flight the immeasurable expanse of heaven was too contracted.' The same wholesale admirer adds, that 'his aspect was so reverend, that rustics who met him alone in a wood, without knowing him, bowed down with instinctive veneration.' In face he was the living image of his father, having the same broad forehead, and blue eye, with the same aquiline, but better proportioned nose. . . . He had the same heavy, hanging lip, with a vast mouth and monstrously protruding lower jaw. His

prose he had done the King of Spain an amount of damage which a million ducats and a year's labour would imperfectly replace. The daring rapidity of the enterprise astonished Spain, and astonished Europe more than the storm of the West Indian towns. The English had long teeth, as Santa Cruz had told Philip's council, and the teeth would need drawing before Mass would be heard again at Westminster. The Spaniards were a gallant race, and a dashing exploit, though at their own expense, could be admired by the countrymen of Cervantes.* 'So praised,' we read, 'was Drake for his valour among them that they said that if he was not a Lutheran there would not be the like of him in the world.' A Court lady was invited by the King to join a party on a lake near Madrid. The lady replied that she dared not trust herself on the water with his Majesty lest Sir Francis Drake should have her."

When the Armada actually reached the Channel in

complexion was fair, his hair light and thin, his beard yellow, short, and pointed. He had the aspect of a Fleming, but the loftiness of a Spaniard. His demeanour in public was still, silent, almost sepulchral. He looked habitually on the ground when he conversed, was chary of speech, embarrassed, and even suffering in manner. This was ascribed partly to a natural haughtiness which he had occasionally endeavoured to overcome, and partly to habitual pains in the stomach, occasioned by his inordinate fondness for pastry."

Can you picture Sir Francis, with that merry laugh dimpling his cheek and losing itself in the mazes of his curly brown beard, kneeling (an it please you) "with instinctive veneration" while the sepulchral consumer of pastry passed by?

* Cervantes (1547–1616), creator of the immortal knight Don Quixote, was present at the Battle of Lepanto, and though lying ill when the attack began, he insisted on getting up and taking a part in the warmest corner that could be found. He was in consequence severely wounded in the chest, and received such grave hurt in his left hand that he was never able to use it again, "to the greater glory of my right."

July, 1588, Drake, of course, bore a splendid part. Specially worthy of remembrance is his spirited onslaught upon the foe after the dispersal of the Spaniards caused by the fire-ships in Calais roads. Some account of this and other incidents will be found in the life of HOWARD.

What remains to be told of this great hero must be set down very shortly. In the year which followed the Armada, he conducted an expedition for the second time against the coast of Spain. There is no reason to suppose that Drake thought other of this expedition than of those which preceded it; but his royal mistress seems to have thought that his enterprises would be ten times more successful after the defeat of the Armada than before. Succeeding ages cannot fail in a sense to share this impression, and to feel disappointed that Drake with 130 ships and 15,000 men did not turn the Spaniards out of Portugal, take Lisbon by storm, and dictate terms to Philip as he cowered in the Escorial. In his fascinating life of Drake, Mr. Julian Corbett thus counts the fruit: "In the ten weeks of their adventure they had not only destroyed the nucleus of a new Armada, but they had taken and burnt two Spanish ports; * they had beaten one army of the King of Spain in the field and had made another run; they had marched a week through the heart of his territory; for three days they had insulted the gates of his second capital; they had captured nearly a hundred sail in his waters; and all this in spite of weather, sickness, and politics enough to ruin three such expeditions." Yet Elizabeth was not satisfied, and her dissatisfaction commands our sympathy.

* Corunna and Vigo.

In fact, to rank beside his other exploits, Drake on this expedition would have been obliged to perform in five months what the combined energies of Sir John Moore and Wellington only accomplished in as many years.

"Last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history." In 1595, Drake set out in company with Hawkins for a final raid upon the Indies. The main object of the expedition was an attack upon Panama. There were two methods of attacking Panama—a direct assault from the Pacific, or a march across the isthmus from Nombre de Dios. Drake chose the latter. He was accompanied, as has been said, by Sir John Hawkins, who hoped to rescue his son from the clutches of Spain. After the death of Hawkins, Drake was free to give his entire attention to the desire of a lifetime. An attack on Panama had formed part of his scheme on the voyage of circumnavigation, and on the Indies raid of 1585: at last he strained forward to grasp the prize. Unfortunately the Spaniards were no longer in the state of unpreparedness in which his early expeditions had found them, and the command of the land forces was entrusted to other hands than Drake's. Disaster ensued; and the bitterness of disappointment laid Drake open to attack from the fever which finally induced the Spaniards to abandon Nombre de Dios altogether. On 28th Jan., 1596, he died, and his body was committed to the deep within sight of the town where his light-hearted gallantry had first set at nought the overwhelming majesty of the Spanish Empire.

DRAKE'S DRUM

Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round-shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,
Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' rüled the Devon seas,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round-shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long ago!

HENRY NEWBOLT.

HOWARD

BORN 1536—DIED 1624

Never earth nor sea beheld so great a stake before them set,
Save when Athens hurled back Asia from the lists wherein they met.
A. C. SWINBURNE.

PHILIP'S determination to send an Armada against England was in no way altered by the mishap to his beard. He pressed forward his preparations and at the same time endeavoured to persuade Elizabeth of the reality of his affection for her. Elizabeth's counsellors were not deceived, nor is there any reason to suppose that Elizabeth was deceived, but she would not allow another singeing expedition, although her naval advisers rightly protested that the only true policy was to meet the invader half-way. It is difficult to fathom Elizabeth's motives, for her lack of enterprise enabled the Armada to reach the Channel in safety.

The fight that followed deservedly ranks among the greatest conflicts of all time, but to avoid disappointment the reader should understand that its importance is due less to the great episodes in the encounter than to the issues that hung upon it. The battle may be ranked beside Trafalgar when its effect upon the history of the world is considered, but regarded merely as a battle-piece it is manifestly

inferior. The better to appreciate its importance, suppose for a moment that Elizabeth and Philip, weary of their protracted and indecisive game of fence, have by mutual consent resolved to throw foils aside and settle their differences by the dice-box, by the chance of a single cast, the issues at stake remaining as before. Elizabeth stands to lose much, but Philip with a losing throw must abandon his claim to Castilianize an empire unmolested, must abandon his attempt to debar England from participation in the world's trade, must abandon for ever his claim to regard the Protestant world in the spirit in which the Turks and Saracens were regarded by the least tolerant of the Crusaders—mere food for steel. As you listen to the dice rattling in Philip's box remember that he is Lord of one half of Europe, that most of the other half belongs to his cousin, remember that he is Lord also of the discovered parts of Asia and America: and above all remember that his antagonist possesses but part of a small island in the North Sea, and is constantly bothered by the undisguised hostility of her neighbour Scotland. Little wonder that at such a moment the world strained forward to see what the fates would decree; little wonder that England rose from the game many cubits higher in the estimation of the world.

At this crisis in her fate the fortunes of the country were committed to Lord Howard of Effingham. The name carries with it a certain sense of bewilderment. Why was Lord Howard chosen? Where was Drake? Surely the man who had defied Philip in all parts of his dominions had the same right to command at Armada time as the victor of the Nile and Copenhagen had at Trafalgar. This line of reasoning,

KING ALFRED'S COLLEGE
LIBRARY

natural enough, is due perhaps to dissatisfaction with the battle itself. If it be plainly understood at the outset that Drake would have been the first to admit that little more could have been done if he had been in Howard's place, Howard himself is more likely to get the praise which he deserves. If his short-sightedness in the matter of Don Hugo de Monçada's galleass be forgiven, it must be acknowledged that he did all that humanly could have been done: he listened to Drake's advice, gave Drake what was practically an independent command, and supplied in the historical associations that his name* suggested an inspiration, which could command a loving loyalty from all classes second only to that, which would have been produced by the presence of the Queen herself.

On the opposite page are given certain details of the Admiral's parentage. From these it will be seen that Howard was not specially chosen to fight the Armada. He took command by right of an office to which the Queen appointed him in the year that Drake sailed to the Indies. It did not follow that the Queen's choice was good, but it was very natural, seeing that so many of his ancestors † had held the office with credit in the past, and that he himself was very nearly related to the crown.

Lord Howard had under his command 197 ships, of which 38 belonged to the Royal Navy; but it must not be supposed that all these were with him at

* Howard's religion was probably similar to that of Henry VIII, who, with a real devotion for the rites and ceremonies of the Church of Rome, combined a peculiar distaste for anything that savoured of national subservience to the Papacy.

† There is every reason to suppose that Howard had seen service on the sea under his father and uncles.

JOHN HOWARD,
created DUKE OF NORFOLK. The famous "Jockey" of Norfolk slain by the side of his master "Dickon" (Richard III) at Bosworth, 1485. Title falls into abeyance under Henry VII. John Howard served as Lord Admiral of England.

Earl of Surrey,
re-wins the Dukedom by his glorious victory over James IV of Scotland at Flodden, 1513.

THOMAS,
DUKE OF NORFOLK,
sometime Lord Admiral of England.

SURREY,
the poet, beheaded by Henry VIII.

THOMAS,
DUKE OF NORFOLK,
beheaded by Elizabeth for participation in the Ridolfi Plot, 1572. Title falls into abeyance as after Bosworth.

PHILIP,
inherited Earldom of Arundel from his mother.

THOMAS,
the Lord Thomas Howard of the fight against the Armada, of the fight in the Azores, and of the Expedition to Cadiz. In 1597 inherited the Barony of de Walden from his mother, and in 1603 was created Earl of Suffolk. Mainly instrumental in discovering the Gunpowder Plot.

EDWARD HOWARD,
sometime Lord Admiral of England.

EDMUND HOWARD.

CATHERINE,
married
HENRY VIII,
beheaded
1542.

WILLIAM HOWARD,
sometime Lord Admiral of England, created Lord Howard of Effingham by Mary in gratitude for his help in Wyatt's rebellion.

CHARLES,
second Lord Howard of Effingham, Lord High Admiral of England, 1585; defeated Armada, 1588; sacked Cadiz, 1596, for which service he was created Earl of Nottingham.

ELIZABETH HOWARD,
married
Thomas Boleyn.

Anne Boleyn
married
HENRY VIII.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Plymouth. It was well known that Philip's plans included an invasion of England by an army of 30,000 under Alexander of Parma, his viceroy in the Netherlands. As a matter of fact Parma was powerless to move unless Medina Sidonia obtained command of the sea, but it was thought necessary that a detached squadron under Lord Henry Seymour (son of Protector Somerset) should be stationed in the Downs to watch his movements. Acting immediately under Howard, whose flag flew on board the *Ark Royal*, were Frobisher in the *Triumph* and Hawkins in the *Victory*. Drake in the *Revenge* had (as has been said) a practically independent command. The Spaniards had 132 ships, fewer by 65 than the English, but of twice the tonnage. Their largest ship was the *Regasona*: she mounted 30 guns, and her crew consisted of 80 sailors and 344 soldiers. One vessel of lesser tonnage mounted as many as 47 guns. The Spaniards had about 30,000 men on board, of whom two-thirds were soldiers. In the fearful carnage in the Channel they suffered from the presence of such vast numbers, but they were, for all that, proud of them, because they looked for a second Lepanto, where numbers would tell. For the same reason they prided themselves also upon the number of their guns (2431), which were four times as numerous as those of the English. Of ships between 600 and 1500 tons the Spaniards had 45, and the English only 7. The most recently built of the English ships was Howard's flagship,* but the

* The best remembered of the English commanders and ships are the following :—

Ark Royal (also known as *The Ark* and the *Ark Raleigh*; recently purchased for Her Majesty's Navy from Sir Walter Raleigh at the cost of £5000)—Lord Howard.

Rainbow—Lord Henry Seymour.

Golden Lion—Lord Thomas Howard.

four largest were the *Triumph*, *Victory*, *White Bear*, and *Elizabeth Jonas*. Of these the *Triumph*, largest of all, was between 1000 and 1100 tons, and was only exceeded in size by four of the Spanish vessels. She mounted 42 guns, and her crew numbered 500, of whom 300 were sailors, 40 gunners, and 160 soldiers. The *Elizabeth Jonas* mounted 56 guns, but in other respects was inferior to Frobisher's vessel.

In one sense the English were infinitely superior to their adversaries. The Spaniards regarded their ships as extremely valuable pieces of mechanism for the conveyance of armies against foes who could not be approached by land. Their hope was to bring their vessels alongside their enemies', and overpower them by the bravery of sheer numbers.* On the other hand, the British regarded their vessels as wonderful sea-creatures which combined the gracefulness of the nautilus and the strength of the leviathan, with a human personality. A competition between Pegasus and a cart-horse could not have been more one-sided. The Spanish galleon was full of brave men spoiling for a fight, but what could she do against this great winged creature that swooped upon her, gave her a ferocious bite in the back, and flew away playing as many tricks in the wind and the sea as a tumbler pigeon in the air? And what a bite the sea-horse gave, for the British seamen knew how to

White Bear—Lord Sheffield.
Revenge—Sir Francis Drake.
Elizabeth Jonas—Sir Robert Southwell.
Victory—John Hawkins.
Triumph—Martin Frobisher.
All these ships belonged to the Royal Navy.
The names of Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Richard Grenville are not found among those who commanded ships against the Armada. This does not of course prove that they were not there.

* The Spaniards had some 30,000 men, the English about 15,000.

manage their guns as well as to handle their ropes, and fired three times right into the very vitals of their foe, who in return fired once either into the air or into the sea. Yet in a sense the Armada was Invincible, for there was not enough gunpowder in England to destroy it. Both in the Channel and at Gravelines this deficiency will be noticed, and this is why the story (prior to the storm) reads like an unfinished tale. The Invincible fleet was vanquished when it reached Calais, but it was not annihilated. The English could not give the decisive blow without allies: the allies came in the shape of storm and tempest.

The great Armada-Drama unfolds itself in a Prologue and three Acts. In the first scene of the Prologue we witness the death of Santa Cruz, the fearless Lord High Admiral of Spain, and the appointment of the Duke of Medina Sidonia as his successor. We see the Armada start on May 30th, and disappear a fortnight later into the harbour of Corunna. The second scene shows us England groping in the darkness of conjecture, asking herself in tones of bewilderment what has become of the Fleet Invisible. June has gone, July is drawing to a close; the day after tomorrow will be the first of August. The Queen seems to think that the Armada is not coming after all. Howard, nursing his patience at Plymouth, is thinking how awkward it will be if the Spaniards come while the sou'-wester coops him up in port. Suddenly a shout is raised—"They are here!" In Act I we are in the thick of things. The Spaniards are sailing up the Channel, and the English are hanging on their flanks, and making Medina Sidonia wish himself home again in his orange groves. This act

ends with comparative peace for the invaders in Calais Roads. In Act II the interest holds us breathless: fire-ships, and the Battle of Gravelines. Then the finale—the creaking of cordage, the whistling of the wind, the thunder of the breakers, and the plaintive voice of Medina Sidonia: "Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, anything: The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death."

THE PROLOGUE

Scene I

The Spaniards always asserted that if Santa Cruz had lived the result of the expedition would have been different. The argument doubtless proved a comforting salve to wounded honour. Certainly no misfortune that befell them, equalled in magnitude the appointment of the Duke of Medina Sidonia. He begged to be excused at first, because an ocean trip always brought on sea-sickness; but Philip insisted because he desired a man who would obey his instructions to the letter. For this reason Medina Sidonia overruled the counsel of the "stoutest hearts of Spain," when boldness was a counsel of safety. An attack upon Plymouth at the outset, or a descent upon the Isle of Wight subsequently, found no mention in Philip's instructions, and the Duke refused to countenance them. His incapacity declared itself before the start. He supervised all arrangements, and was swindled by dishonest contractors. As a result, the Armada, leaving the Tagus towards the end of May, was obliged to put in at Corunna after a fortnight at

sea, and begin provisioning all over again. This, however, proved a blessing in disguise, for the English (kept at home by their Queen) were mystified at such inexplicable conduct, and at the last were taken by surprise. Serving under Sidonia were many good men and true: Pedro de Valdez, and at least three admirals who had been through Lepanto, de Leyva, Recalde, and Oquendo. Brave men they were, and deserved to win or to die like heroes. All true Britons will sympathize with the melancholy story of their deaths.

Scene II

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,

—that is to say, of Friday, July 30th—

There came a gallant merchant ship full sail to Plymouth bay;
Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet beyond Aurigny's Isle [Alderney],
At earliest twilight on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.

We can imagine the hot haste with which Captain Fleming * on his arrival at Plymouth flung himself into a boat, and hurried ashore. Let Charles Kingsley, the author of *Westward Ho*, describe the company assembled on the Hoe, while the gallant merchant captain is making his utmost speed to interrupt with his news the immortal game of bowls:—

"See those five talking earnestly, in the centre of a ring, which longs to overhear, and yet is too respectful to approach close. Those soft long eyes

* Captain Fleming's "gallant merchant ship" was the *Golden Hind*, not, however, the vessel that carried Drake round the world.

and pointed chin you recognize already; they are Walter Raleigh's. The fair young man in the flame-coloured doublet, whose arm is round Raleigh's neck, is Lord Sheffield; opposite them stands, by the side of Sir Richard Grenville, a man as stately even as he, Lord Sheffield's uncle, the Lord Charles Howard of Effingham, Lord High Admiral of England; next to him is his son-in-law, Sir Robert Southwell, captain of the *Elizabeth Jonas:* but who is that short, sturdy, plainly-dressed man, who stands with legs a little apart, and hands behind his back, looking up, with keen grey eyes, into the face of each speaker? His cap is in his hands, so you can see the bullet head of crisp brown hair and the wrinkled forehead, as well as the high cheek-bones, the short square face, the broad temples, the thick lips, which are yet as firm as granite. A coarse plebeian stamp of man: yet the whole figure and attitude are that of boundless determination, self-possession, energy; and when at last he speaks a few blunt words, all eyes are turned respectfully upon him;—for his name is Francis Drake.

"A burly, grizzled elder, in greasy sea-stained garments, contrasting oddly with the huge gold chain about his neck, waddles up, as if he had been born, and had lived ever since, in a gale of wind at sea. The upper half of his sharp dogged visage seems of brick-red leather, the lower of badger's fur; and as he claps Drake on the back, and with a broad Devon twang, shouts, 'Be you a coming to drink your wine, Francis Drake, or be you not?—saving your presence, my Lord'; the Lord High Admiral only laughs, and bids Drake go and drink his wine; for John Hawkins, Admiral of the port, is the Patriarch of Plymouth seamen, if Drake be their hero, and says and does

pretty much what he likes in any company on earth; not to mention that to-day's prospect of an Armageddon fight has shaken him altogether out of his usual crabbed reserve, and made him overflow with loquacious good-humour, even to his rival Drake.

"So they push through the crowd, wherein is many another man whom one would gladly have spoken with face to face on earth. Martin Frobisher and John Davis are sitting on that bench, smoking tobacco from long silver pipes. . . . That short prim man in the huge yellow ruff, with sharp chin, minute imperial, and self-satisfied smile, is Richard Hawkins, the Complete Seaman, Admiral John's hereafter famous and hapless son.* The elder who is talking with him is his good uncle William, whose monument still stands, or should stand, in Deptford Church."

All of course throng round Captain Fleming as he tells his news, and a silence falls upon the company when he has finished. Drake could not know that at that very moment the Spanish captains were urging the Duke of Medina Sidonia to make the most of the south-west breeze and enter Plymouth, but he probably foresaw the danger. He knew there was not a moment to be lost, but he also knew that panic was more dangerous than the loss of time. He realized that after her protracted wait England had at the last been caught napping, but as with questioning brows the others looked at him, "he said, 'They must wait their turn, good souls,' and he stooped and finished the game."

Lord Macaulay, in his fragment of *The Armada*,

* See note on page 14.

describes in glowing words how the news was passed by means of beacon fires throughout the length and breadth of the land :—

Night sank upon the dusky beach and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
The time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day ;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone : it shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.

. . . . .

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence broke,
And with one start and with one cry the royal city woke.

. . . . .

And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth :
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still :
All night from tower to tower they sprang ; they sprang from hill to hill :
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain ;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent ;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,*
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

* Lancaster Castle.

ACT I

THE FIGHT IN THE CHANNEL

[From Froude's *English Seamen*]

"On Friday afternoon the Spaniards sighted the Lizard and formed into fighting order; the Duke in the centre, Alonzo de Leyva leading in a vessel of his own called the *Rata Coronada*, Don Martin de Recalde covering the rear. The entire line stretched to about seven miles. The sacred banner was run up to the masthead of the *San Martin*.* Each ship saluted with all her guns, and every man—officer, noble, seaman, or slave—knelt on the decks at a given signal to commend themselves to Mary and her Son.

. . . . .

"At dark that Friday night the beacons were seen blazing all up the coast and inland on the tops of the hills. They crept on slowly through Saturday, with reduced canvas, feeling their way—not a sail to be seen. At midnight a pinnace brought in a fishing-boat, from which they learnt that on the sight of the signal fires the English had come out that morning from Plymouth. Presently, when the moon rose, they saw sails passing between them and the land.† With daybreak the whole scene became visible, and the curtain lifted on the first act of the drama. The Armada was between Rame Head and the Eddystone, or a little to the west of it. Plymouth Sound was right open to their left. The breeze, which had dropped in the night, was freshening from the south-

* Flagship of the Duke of Medina Sidonia.

† The English were beating to westward in order to steal the weather-gauge from the enemy.

west, and right ahead of them, outside the Mew Stone,* were eleven ships manœuvring to recover the wind. Towards the land were some forty others, of various sizes, and this formed, as far as they could see, the whole English force. In numbers the Spaniards were nearly three to one. In the size of the ships there was no comparison. With these advantages the Duke decided to engage, and a signal was made to hold the wind and keep the enemy apart. The eleven ships ahead were Howard's squadron; those inside were Drake and the adventurers. With some surprise the Spanish officers saw Howard reach easily to windward out of range and join Drake. The whole English fleet then passed out close-hauled in line behind them, and swept along their rear, using guns more powerful than theirs and pouring in broadsides from safe distance with deadly effect. Recalde, with Alonzo de Leyva and Oquendo, who came to his help, tried desperately to close; but they could make nothing of it. They were out-sailed and out-cannoned. The English fired five shots to one of theirs, and the effect was the more destructive because, as with Rodney's action at Dominica,† the galleons were crowded with troops, and shot and splinters told terribly among them.

"The experience was new and not agreeable. Recalde's division was badly cut up, and a Spaniard present observes that certain officers showed cowardice—a hit at the Duke, who had kept out of fire. The action lasted till four in the afternoon. The wind was then freshening fast and the sea rising. Both fleets had by this time passed the Sound, and

* Mew Stone, a rock south-east of Plymouth Sound.
† April 12th, 1782.

the Duke, seeing that nothing could be done, signalled to bear away up Channel, the English following two miles astern. Recalde's own ship had been an especial sufferer. She was observed to be leaking badly, to drop behind, and to be in danger of capture. Pedro de Valdez wore round to help him in the *Capitana*, of the Andalusian squadron, fouled the *Santa Catalina* in turning, broke his bowsprit and foretopmast, and became unmanageable. The Andalusian *Capitana* was one of the finest ships in the Spanish fleet, and Don Pedro one of the ablest and most popular commanders. She had 500 men on board, a large sum of money, and among other treasures, a box of jewel-hilted swords, which Philip was sending over to the English Catholic peers. But it was growing dark. Sea and sky looked ugly. The Duke was flurried, and signalled to go on and leave Don Pedro to his fate. Alonzo de Leyva and Oquendo rushed on board the *San Martin* to protest. It was no use. The deserted *Capitana* made a brave defence, but could not save herself, and fell, with the jewelled swords, 50,000 ducats, and a welcome supply of powder, into Drake's hands.

"Off the Start there was a fresh disaster. Every one was in ill-humour. A quarrel broke out between the soldiers and seamen in Oquendo's galleon. He was himself still absent. Some wretch or other flung a torch into the powder magazine and jumped overboard. The deck was blown off, and 200 men along with it.

"Two such accidents following an unsuccessful engagement did not tend to reconcile the Spaniards to the Duke's command. Pedro de Valdez was universally loved and honoured, and his desertion in the face of

an enemy so inferior in numbers was regarded as scandalous poltroonery. Monday morning broke heavily. The wind was gone, but there was still a considerable swell. The English were hull down behind. The day was spent in repairing damages and nailing lead over the shot-holes. Recalde was moved to the front, to be out of harm's way, and De Leyva took his post in the rear.

"At sunset they were outside Portland. The English had come up within a league; but it was now dead calm, and they drifted apart in the tide. The Duke thought of nothing, but at midnight the Spanish officers stirred him out of his sleep to urge him to set his great galleasses * to work; now was their chance. The dawn brought a chance still better, for it brought an east wind, and the Spaniards had now the weather-gauge. Could they once close and grapple with the English ships, their superior numbers would then assure them a victory, and Howard, being to leeward and inshore, would have to pass through the middle of the Spanish line to recover his advantage. However, it was the same story. The Spaniards could not use an opportunity when they had one. New-modelled for

* In the galleass the Mediterranean naval constructor tried to combine the merits of two quite distinct motive powers. The galley was propelled by oars only; the galleon by sails. The galleon was obviously superior to the galley in that her sails (unlike human arms) tired not; but the galley was superior to the galleon in that she could move at will in any direction. The builders of the sixteenth century gave to the galleass the sails of the galleon, and the oars of the galley, in something of the same spirit that induced constructors of the early nineteenth century to include sails in the equipment of the new-fangled steamers lest the boilers should give out. Though the accounts of naval battles in the galley period are rather meagre, yet the tactics adopted by galley commanders are well worthy of study, because the war-galley, able, like the Queen on the chess-board, to move in any direction she likes, approximates more nearly to the modern steam-propelled warships than do the sailing-ships that Nelson loved.

superiority of sailing, the English ships had the same advantage over the galleons as the steam cruisers would have over the old three-deckers. While the breeze held they went where they pleased. The Spaniards were out-sailed, out-matched, crushed by guns of longer range than theirs. Their own shot flew high over the low English hulls, while every ball found its way through their own towering sides. This time the *San Martin* was in the thick of it. Her double timbers were ripped and torn; the holy standard was cut in two; the water poured through the shot-holes. The men lost their nerve. In such ships as had no gentlemen on board notable signs were observed of flinching.

"At the end of that day's fighting the English powder gave out. Two days' service had been the limit of the Queen's allowance. Howard had pressed for a more liberal supply at the last moment, and had received the characteristic answer that he must state precisely how much he wanted before more could be sent. The lighting of the beacons had quickened the official pulse a little. A small addition had been despatched to Weymouth or Poole, and no more could be done till it arrived. The Duke, meanwhile, was left to smooth his ruffled plumes and drift on upon his way. But by this time England was awake. Fresh privateers, with powder, meat, bread, fruit, anything that they could bring, were pouring out from the Dorsetshire harbours. Sir George Carey had come from the Needles in time to share the honours of the last battle, 'round shot,' as he said, 'flying thick as musket balls in a skirmish on land.'

"The Duke had observed uneasily from the *San Martin's* deck that his pursuers were growing numerous.

He had made up his mind definitely to go for the Isle of Wight, shelter his fleet in the Solent, land 10,000 men in the island, and stand on his defence till he heard from Parma. He must fight another battle; but, cut up as he had been, he had as yet lost but two ships, and those by accident. He might fairly hope to force his way in with help from above, for which he had special reason to look in the next engagement. Wednesday was a breathless calm. The English were taking in their supplies. The Armada lay still, repairing damages. Thursday would be St. Dominic's Day. St. Dominic belonged to the Duke's own family, and was his patron saint. St. Dominic, he felt sure, would now stand by his kinsman.

"The morning broke with a light air. The English would be less able to move, and with the help of the galleasses he might hope to come to close quarters at last. Howard seemed inclined to give him his wish. With just enough wind to move the Lord Admiral led in the *Ark Raleigh* straight down on the Spanish centre. The *Ark* outsailed her consorts and found herself alone with the galleons all round her. At that moment the wind dropped. The Spanish boarding-parties were at their posts. The tops were manned with musketeers, the grappling irons all prepared to fling into the *Ark's* rigging. In imagination the English admiral was their own. But each day's experience was to teach them a new lesson. Eleven boats dropped from the *Ark's* sides and took her in tow. The breeze rose again as she began to move. Her sails filled, and she slipped away through the water, leaving the Spaniards as if they were at anchor, staring in helpless amazement. The wind brought up Drake and the rest, and then began again the

terrible cannonade from which the Armada had already suffered so frightfully. It seemed that morning as if the English were using guns of even heavier metal than on either of the preceding days. The armament had not been changed. The growth was in their own frightened imagination. The Duke had other causes for uneasiness. His own magazines were also giving out under the unexpected demands upon them. One battle was the utmost which he had looked for. He had fought three, and the end was no nearer than before. With resolution he might still have made his way into St. Helen's Roads, for the English were evidently afraid to close with him. But when St. Dominic, too, failed him he lost his head. He lost his heart, and losing heart he lost all. In the Solent he would have been comparatively safe, and he could easily have taken the Isle of Wight; but his one thought now was to find safety under Parma's gaberdine and make for Calais or Dunkirk. He supposed Parma to have already embarked, on hearing of his coming, with a second armed fleet, and in condition for immediate action. He sent on another pinnace, pressing for help, pressing for ammunition, and fly-boats to protect the galleons; and Parma was himself looking to be supplied from the Armada, with no second fleet at all, only a flotilla of river barges which would need a week's work to be prepared for the crossing.

"Philip had provided a splendid fleet, a splendid army, and the finest sailors in the world except the English. He had failed to realize that the grandest preparations are useless with a fool to command. The poor Duke was less to blame than his master. An office had been thrust upon him for which he knew

that he had not a single qualification. His one anxiety was to find Parma, lay the weight on Parma's shoulders, and so have done with it.

"On Friday [August 6th, 1588] he was left alone to make his way up Channel towards the French shore. The English still followed, but he counted that in Calais roads he would be in French waters, where they would not dare to meddle with them. They would then, he thought, go home and annoy him no further. As he dropped anchor in the dusk outside Calais on Saturday evening he saw, to his disgust, that the *endemoniada gente*—the infernal devils—as he called them, had brought up at the same moment with himself, half a league astern of him. His one trust was in the Prince of Parma, and Parma at any rate was now within touch."

ACT II

FIRESHIPS; AND THE BATTLE OF GRAVELINES

"On Sunday afternoon* a memorable council of war was held in the *Ark's* main cabin. Howard, Drake, Seymour, Hawkins, Martin Frobisher, and two or three others, met to consult, knowing that on them at that moment the liberties of England were depending. Their resolution was taken promptly. There was no time for talk. After nightfall a strong flood tide would be setting up along shore to the Spanish anchorage. They would try what could be done with fire-ships, and the excursion of a pinnace, which was taken [by the Spaniards] for bravado, was probably for a survey of the Armada's exact position.

* August 8th. It will be remembered that the famous scene on the bowling green took place on July 30th.

Meantime eight useless vessels were coated with pitch—hulls, spars, and rigging. Pitch was poured on the decks and over the sides, and parties were told off to steer them to their destination and then fire and leave them.

"The hours stole on, and twilight passed into dark. The night was without a moon. The Duke paced his deck late with uneasy sense of danger. He observed lights moving up and down the English lines, and imagining that the *endemoniada gente*—the infernal devils—might be up to mischief, ordered a sharp look-out. A faint westerly air was curling the water, and towards midnight the watchers on board the galleons made out dimly several ships which seemed to be drifting down upon them. Their experience since the action off Plymouth had been so strange and unlooked for that anything unintelligible which the English did was alarming.

"The phantom forms drew nearer, and were almost among them when they broke into a blaze from water-line to truck, and the two fleets were seen by the lurid light of the conflagration; the anchorage, the walls and windows of Calais, and the sea shining red far as eye could reach, as if the ocean itself were burning. Among the dangers which they might have to encounter, English fireworks had been especially dreaded by the Spaniards. Fire-ships—a fit device of heretics—had worked havoc among the Spanish troops when the bridge was blown up, at Antwerp.* They im-

* Alexander of Parma (born 1545) was appointed by Philip as his representative in the Netherlands upon the death of Don John, the victor of Lepanto. The appointment was an excellent one, and Parma did much to restore the fortunes of Spain in the Low Countries. In 1584 he laid siege to Antwerp. Antwerp stands at the mouth of the Scheldt, where the river broadens into an estuary. As the town was too strong to be taken by assault, Parma resolved on

agined that similar infernal machines were approaching the Armada. A capable commander would have sent a few launches to grapple the burning hulks, which of course were now deserted, and tow them out of harm's way. Spanish sailors were not cowards, and would not have flinched from duty because it was dangerous; but the Duke and Diego Florez* lost their heads again. A small gun from the *San Martin* ordered the whole fleet to slip their cables and stand out to sea.

"Orders given in panic are doubly unwise, for they spread the terror in which they originate. The danger from the fire-ships was chiefly from the effect on the imagination, for they appear to have drifted by and done no real injury. And it speaks well for the seamanship and courage of the Spaniards that they were able, crowded together as they were, at midnight and in sudden alarm to set their canvas and clear out without running into one another. They buoyed their cables, expecting to return for them at daylight, and with only one accident, to be mentioned directly, they executed successfully a really difficult manœuvre.

"The Duke was delighted with himself. The fire-

a siege, and captured all the strong places on the land side. The river, however, on the sea side, enabled the besieged to hold out without difficulty. Parma therefore ordered the river to be blocked by a bridge. The difficulty of the task appears when it is remembered that the Scheldt is at this point sixty feet deep, and half a mile broad. When the task was accomplished, the burghers realized their peril, and determined to destroy the work by fire-ships. One infernal vessel, whose design shewed considerable ingenuity, took fire with a terrific explosion, hurled 1000 Spanish soldiers into the air, and caused a breach 200 feet wide. It will help us to realize the extent of England's peril in 1588 when it is recorded that Parma, unmoved by the mishap, repaired the breach and took the town (1585).

* Naval adviser on board the *San Martin*.

ships burnt harmlessly out. He had baffled the inventions of the *endemoniada gente*. He brought up a league outside the harbour, and supposed that the whole Armada had done the same. Unluckily for himself, he found it at daylight divided into two bodies. The *San Martin* with forty of the best appointed of the galleons were riding together at their anchors. The rest, two-thirds of the whole, having no second anchors ready, and inexperienced in Channel tides and currents, had been lying to. The west wind was blowing. Without seeing where they were going they had drifted to leeward, and were two leagues off, towards Gravelines, dangerously near the shore. The Duke was too ignorant to realize the full peril of his situation. He signalled to them to return and rejoin him. As the wind and tide stood it was impossible. He proposed to follow them. The pilots told him that if he did the whole fleet might be lost on the banks. Towards the land the look of things was not more encouraging.

"One accident only had happened the night before. The *Capitana* galleass, with Don Hugo de Monçada and 800 men on board, had fouled her helm in a cable in getting under way and had become unmanageable. The galley slaves disobeyed orders, or else Don Hugo was as incompetent as his commander-in-chief. The galleass had gone on the sands, and as the tide ebbed had fallen over on her side. Howard, seeing her condition, had followed her in the *Ark* with four or five other of the Queen's ships, and was furiously attacking her with his boats, careless of neutrality laws. Howard's theory was, as he said, to pluck the feathers one by one from the Spaniard's wing, and here was a feather worth picking up. The galleass was the

most splendid vessel of her kind afloat, Don Hugo one of the greatest of Spanish grandees.

"Howard was making a double mistake. He took the galleass at last, after three hours' fighting. Don Hugo was killed by a musket ball. The vessel was plundered, and Howard's men took possession, meaning to carry her away when the tide rose. The French authorities ordered him off, threatening to fire upon him; and after wasting the forenoon, he was obliged at last to leave her where she lay. Worse than this, he had lost three precious hours, and had lost along with them, in the opinion of the Prince of Parma, the honours of the great day.

"Drake and Hawkins knew better than to waste time plucking single feathers. The fire-ships had been more effective than they could have dared to hope. The enemy was broken up. The Duke was shorn of half his strength, and the Lord had delivered him into their hand. He had got under way, still signalling wildly, and uncertain in which direction to turn. His uncertainties were ended for him by seeing Drake bearing down upon him with the whole English fleet, save those which were loitering about the galleass. The English had now the advantage of numbers. The superiority of their guns he knew already, and their greater speed allowed him no hope to escape a battle. Forty ships alone were left to him to defend the banner of the crusade and the honour of Castile; but those forty were the largest and the most powerfully armed and manned that he had, and on board them were Oquendo, De Leyva, Recalde, and Bretandona, the best officers in the Spanish navy next to the lost Don Pedro.

"It was now or never for England. The scene of

the action which was to decide the future of Europe was between Calais and Dunkirk, a few miles off shore, and within sight of Parma's camp. There was no more manœuvring for the weather-gauge, no more fighting at long range. Drake dashed straight upon his prey as the falcon stoops upon its quarry. A chance had fallen to him which might never return ; not for the vain distinction of carrying prizes into English ports, not for the ray of honour which would fall on him if he could carry off the sacred banner itself and hang it in the Abbey at Westminster, but a chance so to handle the Armada that it should never be seen again in English waters, and deal such a blow on Philip that the Spanish Empire should reel with it. The English ships had the same superiority over the galleons which steamers have now over sailing vessels. They had twice the speed ; they could lie two points nearer to the wind. Sweeping round them at cable's length, crowding them in one upon the other, yet never once giving them a chance to grapple, they hurled in their cataracts of round shot. Short as was the powder supply, there was no sparing it that morning. The hours went on, and still the battle raged, if battle it could be called where the blows were all dealt on one side and the suffering was all on the other. Never on sea or land did the Spaniards show themselves worthier of their great name than on that day. But from the first they could do nothing. It was said afterwards in Spain that the Duke showed the white feather, that he charged his pilot to keep him out of harm's way, that he shut himself up in his cabin, buried in woolpacks, and so on. The Duke had faults enough, but poltroonery was not one of them. He, who till he entered the English

Channel had never been in action on sea or land, found himself, as he said, in the midst of the most furious engagement recorded in the history of the world. As to being out of harm's way, the standard at his masthead drew the hottest of the fire upon him. The *San Martin's* timbers were of oak and a foot thick, but the shot, he said, went through them enough to shatter a rock. Her deck was a slaughterhouse; half his company were killed or wounded, and no more would have been seen or heard of the *San Martin* or her commander had not Oquendo and De Leyva pushed in to the rescue and enabled him to creep away under their cover. He himself saw nothing more of the action after this. The smoke, he said, was so thick that he could make out nothing, even from his masthead. But all round it was but a repetition of the same scene. The Spanish shot flew high, as before, above the low English hulls, and they were themselves helpless butts to the English guns. And it is noticeable and supremely creditable to them that not a single galleon struck her colours One of them, after a long duel with an Englishman, was on the point of sinking. An English officer, admiring the courage which the Spaniards had shown, ran out upon his bowsprit, told them that they had done all which became men, and urged them to surrender and save their lives. For answer they cursed the English as cowards and chickens because they refused to close. The officer was shot. His fall brought a last broadside on them, which finished the work. They went down, and the water closed over them. Rather death to the soldiers of the Cross than surrender to a heretic.

"The deadly hail rained on. In some ships blood

was seen streaming out of the scupper-holes. Yet there was no yielding; all ranks showed equal heroism. The priests went up and down in the midst of the carnage, holding the crucifix before the eyes of the dying. At midday Howard came up to claim a second share in a victory which was no longer doubtful. Towards the afternoon the Spanish fire slackened. Their powder was gone, and they could make no return to the cannonade which was still overwhelming them. They admitted freely afterwards that if the attack had been continued but two hours more they must all have struck or gone ashore. But the English magazines were empty also; the last cartridge was shot away, and the battle ended from mere inability to keep it up. It had been fought on both sides with peculiar determination. In the English there was the accumulated resentment of thirty years of menace to their country and their creed, with the enemy in tangible shape at last to be caught and grappled with; in the Spanish, the sense that if their cause had not brought them the help they looked for from above, the honour and faith of Castile should not suffer in their hands.

"It was over. The English drew off, regretting that their thrifty mistress had limited their means of fighting for her, and so obliged them to leave their work half done. When the cannon ceased the wind rose, the smoke rolled away, and in the level light of the sunset they could see the results of the action.

"A galleon in Recalde's squadron was sinking with all hands. The *San Philip* and the *San Matteo* were drifting dismasted towards the Dutch coast, where they were afterwards wrecked. Those which were left with canvas still showing were crawling slowly

after their comrades who had not been engaged, the spars and rigging so cut up that they could scarce bear their sails. The loss of life could only be conjectured, but it had been obviously terrible. The nor'-wester was blowing up and was pressing the wounded ships upon the shoals, from which, if it held, it seemed impossible in their crippled state they would be able to work off.

"In this condition Drake left them for the night, not to rest, but from any quarter to collect, if he could, more food and powder. The snake had been scotched, but not killed. More than half the great fleet were far away, untouched by shot, perhaps able to fight a second battle if they recovered heart. To follow, to drive them on the banks if the wind held, or into the North Sea, anywhere so that he left them no chance of joining hands with Parma again, and to use the time before they had rallied from his blows, that was the present necessity. His own poor fellows were famished and in rags; but neither he nor they had leisure to think of themselves. There was but one thought in the whole of them, to be again in chase of the flying foe. Howard was resolute as Drake. All that was possible was quickly done. Seymour and the Thames squadron were to stay in the Straits and watch Parma. From every attainable source food and powder were collected for the rest—far short in both ways of what ought to have been, but, as Drake said, 'we were resolved to put on a brag, and go on as if we needed nothing.' Before dawn the admiral and he were again off on the chase.

"The brag was unneeded. What man could do had been done, and the rest was left to the elements. Never again could Spanish seamen be brought to face

the English guns with Medina Sidonia to lead them. They had a fool at their head. The Invisible Powers in whom they had been taught to trust had deserted them. Their confidence was gone and their spirit broken. Drearily the morning broke on the Duke and his consorts the day after the battle. The Armada had collected in the night. The nor'-wester had freshened to a gale, and they were labouring heavily along, making fatal leeway towards the shoals.

"It was St. Lawrence's Day [Tuesday, August 10th], Philip's patron saint, whose shoulder-bone he had lately added to the treasures of the Escorial; but St. Lawrence was as heedless as St. Dominic. The *San Martin* had but six fathoms under her. Those nearer to the land signalled five, and right before them they could see the brown foam of the breakers curling over the sands, while on their weather-beam, a mile distant and clinging to them like the shadow of death, were the English ships which had pursued them from Plymouth like the dogs of the Furies. The Spanish sailors and soldiers had been without food since the evening when they anchored at Calais [Saturday, August 7th]. All Sunday they had been at work, no rest allowed them to eat. On the Sunday night they had been stirred out of their sleep by the fire-ships. Monday they had been fighting, and Monday night committing their dead to the sea. Now they seemed advancing directly upon inevitable destruction. As the wind stood there was still room for them to wear and thus escape the banks, but they would then have to face the enemy, who seemed only refraining from attacking them because while they continued on their present course the winds and waves would finish the work without help from man. Recalde, De Levva, Oquendo,

and other officers were sent for to the *San Martin* to consult. Oquendo came last. 'Ah, Señor Oquendo,' said the Duke, as the heroic Biscayan stepped on board, 'que haremos?' (what shall we do?) 'Let your Excellency bid load the guns again,' was Oquendo's gallant answer.* It could not be. De Leyva himself said that the men would not fight the English again. Florez advised surrender. The Duke wavered. It was said that a boat was actually lowered to go off to Howard and make terms, and that Oquendo † swore that if the boat left the *San Martin* on such an errand he would fling Florez into the sea. Oquendo's advice would have, perhaps, been the safest if the Duke could have taken it. There were still seventy ships in the Armada little hurt. The English were bragging as Drake said, and in no condition themselves for another serious engagement. But the temper of the entire fleet made a courageous course impossible. There was but one Oquendo. Discipline was gone. The soldiers in their desperation had taken the command out of the hands of the seamen. Officers and men alike abandoned hope, and, with no human prospect of salvation left to them, they flung themselves on their knees upon the decks and prayed the Almighty to have pity on them. But two weeks were gone since they had knelt on those same decks on the first sight of the English shore to

* "Be the praise of his foes with Oquendo for ever, a name as a star sublime."—SWINBURNE.

† "The Duke himself was for surrender, but Oquendo swore that he would throw overboard the first man who attempted such a thing. He brought his ship alongside the Duke's, and yelled sailor curses upon the landlubber that wanted to run away. 'Go back to your tunny-ponds, you chicken-hearted craven,' he cried again and again; and so the poor Duke, in complete collapse, shut himself in his cabin, and was seen no more till he arrived in Spain."

Philip II, Major M. HUME.

KING ALFRED'S COLLEGE
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thank Him for having brought them so far on an enterprise so glorious. Two weeks; and what weeks! Wrecked, torn by cannon shot, ten thousand of them dead or dying—for this was the estimated loss by battle—the survivors could now but pray to be delivered from a miserable death by the elements. In cyclones the wind often changes suddenly back from N.W. to W., from W. to S. At that moment, as if in answer to their petition, one of these sudden shifts of wind saved them from the immediate peril. The gale backed round to S.S.W., and ceased to press them on the shoals. They could ease their sheets, draw off into open water, and steer a course up the middle of the North Sea."

ACT III

FLAVIT DEUS ET DISSIPATI SUNT

"The Spaniards were experienced sailors; a voyage round the Orkneys and round Ireland to Spain might be tedious, but at that season of the year need not have seemed either dangerous or difficult. On inquiry, however, it was found that the condition of the fleet was seriously alarming. The provisions placed on board at Lisbon had been found unfit for food, and almost all had been thrown into the sea. The fresh stores taken in at Corunna had been consumed, and it was found that at the present rate there would be nothing left in a fortnight. Worse than all, the water-casks refilled there had been carelessly stowed. They had been shot through in the fighting and were empty; while of clothing or other comforts for the cold regions which they were entering no thought had been taken. The mules and horses were flung over-

board, and Scotch smacks, which had followed the retreating fleet, reported that they had sailed for miles through floating carcases.

"The rations were reduced for each man to a daily half-pound of biscuit, a pint of water, and a pint of wine. Thus, sick and hungry, the wounded left to the care of a medical officer, who went from ship to ship, the subjects of so many prayers were left to encounter the climate of the North Atlantic. The Duke blamed all but himself; he hanged one poor captain for neglect of orders, and would have hanged another had he dared; but his authority was gone. They passed the Orkneys in a single body. They then parted, it was said in a fog; but each commander had to look out for himself and his men. In many ships water must be had somewhere, or they would die. The *San Martin*, with sixty consorts, went north to the sixtieth parallel. From that height the pilots promised to take them down clear of the coast. The wind still clung to the west, each day blowing harder than the last.* When they braced round to it their wounded spars gave way. Their rigging parted. With the greatest difficulty they made at last sufficient offing, and rolled down somehow out of sight of land, dipping their yards in the enormous seas. Of the rest, one or two went down among the Western Isles and became wrecks there, their crews, or part of them, making their way through Scotland to Flanders. Others went north to Shetland or the Faroe Islands.

* After the Armada had groped its way between the Orkneys and the Shetlands, it met the full force of the tempestuous weather. Unusually violent for the time of year, the gale, as if the presiding genius of the isles, abated its fury only to lash itself into more boisterous passion, "and 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault set roaring war."

Between thirty and forty were tempted in upon the Irish coasts. There were Irishmen in the fleet, who must have told them that they would find the water there for which they were perishing, safe harbours, and a friendly Catholic people; and they found either harbours which they could not reach or sea-washed sands and reefs. They were all wrecked at various places between Donegal and the Blaskets. Something like 8000 half-drowned wretches struggled on shore alive. Many were gentlemen, richly dressed, with velvet coats, gold chains, and rings. The common sailors and soldiers had been paid their wages before they started, and each had a bag of ducats lashed to his waist when he landed through the surf. The wild Irish of the coast, tempted by the booty, knocked unknown numbers of them on the head with their battle-axes, or stripped them naked and left them to die of the cold. On one long sand-strip in Sligo an English officer counted 1100 bodies, and he heard that there were as many more a few miles distant. . . . *

"Most pitiful of all was the fate of those who fell into the hands of the English garrisons in Galway and Mayo. . . . The stern order went out to kill them all wherever they might be found, and 2000 or more were shot, hanged, or put to the sword. Dreadful! Yes, but war itself is dreadful and has its own necessities.

"The sixty ships which had followed the *San Martin* succeeded at last in getting round Cape Clear, but in a condition scarcely less miserable than that of their companions who had perished in Ireland. Half their

* The adventures of the Armada may still be traced among the place names of the west; witness Bloody Foreland, and Spanish Point on the west coast of Ireland, and Spanish Head in the Isle of Man.

companies died—died of untended wounds, hunger, thirst, and famine fever. The survivors were moving skeletons, more shadows and ghosts than living men, with scarce strength left them to draw a rope or handle a tiller. In some ships there was no water for fourteen days. The weather in the lower latitudes lost part of its violence, or not one of them would have seen Spain again. As it was they drifted on outside Scilly, and into the bay of Biscay, and in the second week in September they dropped in one by one. Recalde, with better success than the rest, made Corunna. The Duke,* not knowing where he was, found himself in sight of Corunna also. The crew of the *San Martin* were prostrate, and could not work her in. They signalled for help, but none came, and they dropped away to leeward to Bilbao. Oquendo had fallen off still farther to Santander, and the rest of the sixty arrived in the following days at one or other of the Biscay ports. On board them, of the 30,000 who had left those shores but two months before in high hope and passionate enthusiasm, 9000 only came back alive—if alive they could be called. It is touching to read in a letter from Bilbao of their joy at warm Spanish sun, the sight of the grapes on the white walls, and the taste of fresh home bread and water again. But it came too late to save them, and those whose bodies might have rallied died of broken hearts and disappointed dreams. Santa Cruz's old companions could not survive the ruin of the Spanish

* After the poor, miserable Duke of Medina Sidonia had reached the fancied security of his orange-groves, his life was still made burdensome by the malice of wicked little urchins. These merciless tormentors forgathered in squadrons near his chosen retreat, exerted their full lung power to shriek out, "Drake's coming!" and scampered away as fast as their legs would carry them.

Navy. Recalde died two days after he landed at Bilbao. Santander was Oquendo's home. He had a wife and children there, but he refused to see them, turned his face to the wall, and died too.* The common seamen and soldiers were too weak to help themselves. They had to be left on board the poisoned ships till hospitals could be prepared to take them in. The authorities of Church and State did all that men could do; but the case was past help, and before September was out all but a few hundred needed no further care."

THE WINNING OF CADIZ. 1596

Although the Spaniards made no attempt to conceal the magnitude of their defeat, Philip refused to regard the destruction of the Armada in the same light as his countrymen. His fleet had been crippled by the weather, that was all: the work must begin again. In England, Howard constantly advised the Queen to carry the war into the enemy's country; but the Queen remained satisfied with such half-measures as Drake's ill-supported raid upon the coast of Spain, and Lord Thomas Howard's expedition to the Azores,† until 1595, when Drake and Hawkins were allowed to set forth upon their inglorious venture to Panama. In the following year came ample evidence that Philip was really contemplating a new Armada, striving to gain a footing in Ireland, and learning by successes on land to forget some of his failures on the sea. Following hard on this came news of the death of Hawkins, Father of the Fleet; and Drake, whose name alone was sufficient to keep

* De Leyva was drowned on the way home.
† See Life of Grenville.

Spain soberly inclined. Once more Howard offered the Queen the best advice he could give her, and this time his counsel prevailed.

On June 3rd, 1596, he set out in command of a squadron which included nearly 150 ships, and more than 10,000 men. The fleet was arranged in four divisions. Howard himself in the *Ark Royal* commanded one; Essex in the *Due Repulse*, Raleigh in the *Warspite*, and Lord Thomas Howard in the *Mere Honour*, led the others. Essex was a prime favourite of Elizabeth, and being of higher rank than Howard * considered himself entitled to the place of honour. Elizabeth pacified him by appointing him to the command of the soldiery. By so doing she endangered the success of the enterprise, which most assuredly ought to have been under the unquestioned control of a single commander. Careful preparations were made under cover of the most rigid secrecy, and the expedition reached Cadiz before the Spaniards could guess where it was going.

The town of Cadiz is situated on an island. This serves as a natural breakwater to the Outer Harbour, which is approached by an entrance some five miles wide. From the Outer Harbour the Puntal Passage, less than a mile in width, leads into the Inner Harbour, which on the west is enclosed by a narrow neck of land which forms part of Cadiz Island. Embosomed in the furthest recesses of the Inner Harbour are Port Royal, and a great arsenal.

When Howard arrived at Cadiz there were ranged underneath the walls eight war galleys, while the harbour contained some seventeen galleons and forty carracks. Every one present was wittingly or un-

* Essex was an earl, Howard a baron.

wittingly a disciple of Drake, and asked himself what Drake would have done under the circumstances. Essex would have dashed straight away into the harbour; Howard thought such tactics were best left to commanders with the genius of Drake. Essex doubtless saw in himself a second Drake; Howard did not. This was not the first time Cadiz had been attacked; Drake would have used different tactics a second time; Howard preferred to rely upon a plan of action similar to that which Sir Francis had used against San Domingo and Carthagena. Essex should land and attack the batteries, while he dealt with the fleet.

In a situation of extreme delicacy Raleigh seems to have played the part of a mediator with considerable tact. Accepting Howard's plan for a joint attack by land and sea, he persuaded his Commander-in-Chief to allow the naval operations to precede the military, seeing how much easier it would be for a landing party to disembark on the inner side of the neck of land than on the surf-beaten outer side. As Raleigh returned to the *Warspite*, he passed the *Due Repulse* and told Essex the result of his interview. Essex, who had been pacing the poop in a mood of sullen depression, went wild with enthusiasm, and flung his plumed hat into the sea from sheer delight. Time meanwhile had been wasted, and the postponement of the onslaught till the following morning gave the Spanish admiral an opportunity of withdrawing his fleet into the Inner Harbour, while he blocked the Puntal Passage with four of his stoutest galleons, amongst them the great *St. Philip*, which had fought the *Revenge* five years before.

At daybreak Raleigh in the *Wa spite* led the attack, followed by ships whose names have ever since been

CADIZ HARBOUR

treasured memories in the annals of the Navy, the *Swiftsure* and the *Dreadnought*. A smart encounter in the Puntal Passage followed, in which two of the Spanish ships were destroyed and two captured; but at this point the wild impetuosity of Essex changed the entire nature of the struggle. Considering it unnecessary that the military Commander-in-Chief should await the directions of the naval Commander-in-Chief, he secured a footing on the neck of land, and made an immediate attack on Cadiz, which left the others no choice but to back him up. Troop after troop hurried forward, and Raleigh, though he had received a wound "interlaced and deformed with splinters," was carried forward on the backs of his men.* Cadiz fell, and for a fortnight was held by the English. Howard exercised a stringent discipline which contrasted most favourably with the behaviour of victorious Spaniards in the Netherlands. The population were kindly entreated and assisted to depart. The town was then systematically ransacked for valuables, and as the new occupants did not contemplate a permanent residence, and had no further use for it, the richest city in the Peninsula was reduced to an ignominious heap of smouldering ashes.

* At this time Raleigh's fortunes were under a cloud. In 1592 he had secretly wedded one of the Queen's ladies, Bessie Throgmorton, a tall, fair-haired lady of an engaging wit, and Her Majesty, though fifty-nine years of age, could not forgive Raleigh for preferring any woman to herself. Possibly the puzzles of the campaign can be explained by the fierce rivalry of the two courtiers, by Raleigh's determination to reconquer Elizabeth's heart by glorious deeds of daring, and by Essex's resolve to retain his position by similar arts. If we suppose that Essex, who looked for laurels in the sea-fight, saw Raleigh snatching them from his grasp (and Raleigh, it is well known, did wonders in the Puntal Passage), there is good reason to believe that he transformed the affair into a land battle to satisfy his animosity against the Spaniards and against Raleigh at the same time.

The expedition would have been even more successful if a body of troops sufficient to hold the neck of land had cut off Cadiz from all hope of relief, while the warships pressed onwards into the Inner Harbour, and secured the rest of the Spanish fleet. The Governor of Andalusia at this time was the unfortunate Duke of Medina Sidonia, who had learnt nothing of manliness since his adventures in British seas. To prevent the ships from falling into the hands of Howard he burnt not only the forty carracks with their priceless treasure on board, but the thirteen fighting galleons as well; thus inflicting on his royal master almost as much injury as the combined efforts of Howard and Essex.

When Howard returned to England, Elizabeth advanced him to the Earldom of Nottingham, but among the immortals he is best known by the name under which he fought the two great actions of his life.

The capture of Cadiz terminated the age of Philip II, with all its terrors and all its perils. When the King read the words of Sidonia, "Neither ship, nor fleet, nor Cadiz remains," despair clutched him by the throat, and at last he realized that the hopes of a lifetime had been shattered beyond the possibility of revival. His spirit drooped, a palsy seized his limbs, and his life ebbed slowly and painfully away.

Essex was fretting in Cadiz Bay
With the galleons fair in sight;
Howard at last must give him his way,
And the word was passed to fight.
Never was schoolboy gayer than he,
Since holidays first began:
He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,
And under the guns he ran.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

GRENVILLE

BORN 1541 (?)—DIED 1591

But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.

SHAKESPEARE.

At the time, all England and all the world rang with the story. It struck a deeper terror, though it was but the action of a single ship, into the hearts of the Spanish people; it dealt a more deadly blow upon their fame and moral strength than the destruction of the Armada itself; and in the direct results which arose from it, it was scarcely less disastrous to them. Hardly, as it seems to us, if the most glorious actions which are set like jewels in the history of mankind are weighed one against the other in the balance, hardly will those 300 Spartans who in the summer morning sat "combing their long hair for death" in the passes of Thermopylæ, have earned a more lofty estimate for themselves than this one crew of modern Englishmen.—FROUDE.

THE last fight of the *Revenge*, and the immortal heroism of the redoubtable Sir Richard Grenville. have received an eloquent tribute from Mr. Froude in his *Short Studies*, and have inspired one of the noblest ballads in our language.* The story cannot fail to stir a thrill of admiration, so long as loyal hearts beat quicker at the name of those who found it happiness to die for England's honour.

The Azores Islands, where the famous battle took place, lie out in the Atlantic nearly a thousand miles west of Lisbon. They were of great value in the early

* "The Revenge: A Ballad of the Fleet," by Lord Tennyson.

MAP SHEWING THE POSITION OF
"THE ISLES"
IN THEIR RELATION TO THE COAST OF SPAIN

days of exploration because they supplied mariners with fresh water, and tempted them westwards. In 1581 they came under the Spanish crown together with the other possessions of Portugal, and at once assumed a new importance. The home-returning fleets from the New World not only broke the journey there, took in fresh provisions, and refilled their water-casks, but were enabled to meet an escort of warships dispatched by the King of Spain to bring them in safety over the more perilous part of their journey; that is to say, from the Azores to Cadiz or Seville or Lisbon. If it be also remembered that the Portuguese East Indian trade had likewise enriched the treasury of Philip, and that the merchantmen of Goa also called at the "Isles," it will be readily understood why the English regarded the neighbourhood as a happy hunting-ground.

On his famous expedition to singe the King of Spain's beard Drake visited the Azores, and captured a great carrack, the *San Philip*. Thereby he obtained great plunder, and set a fashion which was to be followed for years to come; but, more than all, he discovered among the vessel's papers an inventory of the profits of the East India trade, which, in 1600, induced his royal mistress to grant a charter to the famous East India Company. Sir Richard Grenville's fight belongs to the period between the defeat of the Armada and the expedition to Cadiz, when the Queen contented herself for the most part with commerce-destroying tactics, which doubtless proved eminently annoying, but were not calculated to bring the war to a close. By raids upon the "Isles" Elizabeth certainly crippled the Spanish trade, but her love of money led her to hope for more material advantages.

Thus in 1590 Hawkins and Frobisher were sent to the Azores. Philip checkmated them by counter-ordering his carracks for the year. The King was severed from his wealth, but Hawkins and Frobisher returned with empty hands. Elizabeth received her knights rather coldly. Hawkins began to excuse himself: "Paul," he said, "may plant, and Apollos may water, but God alone can give the increase." "Psha!" interrupted the disappointed Queen, and turning to her courtiers: "This fool went out a soldier, and is come home a divine."

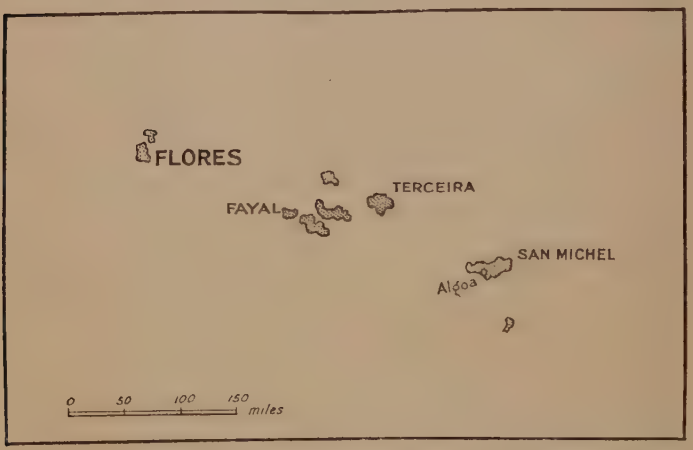
Philip could not of course wait indefinitely for his carracks, and it was therefore resolved to despatch another expedition immediately. Raleigh and Drake both hoped for the command, but the Queen disappointed them both, and nominated Lord Thomas Howard,* who in 1591 set out with six ships, among them the famous *Revenge*, a warship of 500 tons, built in 1577, and mounting forty-three guns. She had carried Drake's flag in the fight against the Armada, and it is easy to imagine that hero's anguish on learning that his well-loved craft was entrusted to another. Lord Thomas Howard had fought gallantly against the Armada, and was to serve again with distinction under his illustrious kinsman in the Capture of Cadiz.

It was the custom during a venture to the "Isles" for a second English squadron to be stationed off the coast of Spain so as to pick up whatever escaped from the more important squadron further west. In the present instance a fleet of adventurers under the Earl of Cumberland cruising off Cadiz discovered that Philip was sending forth a fleet of fifty-three, with the evident

* For relationship to Lord Howard of Effingham see table on p. 63.

intention of safeguarding the return of the treasure-fleet. Knowing the strength of Lord Thomas, Cumberland instantly despatched a flying pinnace, the *Moonshine*, to give timely warning of the danger.

The island of Flores is the most westerly of the larger islands of the group, and its roadstead faces to the north-west. Lord Thomas, who receives a little less than justice in Tennyson's poem, realized that he



THE AZORES

was outnumbered, and determined, if possible, not only to save his ships, but also to save those who were "lying sick ashore." He therefore withdrew from the anchorage, and commissioned Sir Richard, who was in command of the best sailer in the fleet, to carry his sick on board, and follow with what speed he might. The wind was blowing from the west. Lord Thomas did not put his ships before the wind, but stood out to sea in order to retain the windward position. As Sir Richard completed his task, the

Spanish fleet, beating against the wind, came round the western side of the island, thus interposing itself directly between Lord Thomas and his gallant lieutenant. Had Sir Richard been an ordinary man, he could, on emerging from the harbour, have put his ship before the wind, and made his escape, but as his nature closely resembled that of Roland, Prince of Paladins, he rejected such action as too near akin to flight, and determined to stand out and join Lord Thomas, even if such a course entailed his cutting right through the enemy's fleet. The possibility of escape is proved by the permission Sir Richard gave to the *George Noble* to save herself. Lord Thomas, from his point of vantage in the wind, gave Sir Richard what assistance he could, but the fate of the *Revenge* was sealed when the wind was taken out of her sails by the "mountain-like" *San Philip*.*

Some of his contemporaries at home blamed Sir Richard for his insensate madness in hurling to inevitable destruction one of the Queen's good ships; some of his contemporaries in Spain actually congratulated themselves because they had at last taken one of the English ships after twenty-five years' failure to do so: but the magnificent example of Sir Richard soon came to be valued at its sterling worth, and must remain through all the centuries the true standard for all those who go down to the sea in ships to uphold the honour of the flag.

[From Froude's *Short Studies*]

"In August, 1591, Lord Thomas Howard, with six English line-of-battle ships, six victuallers, and two

* To avenge his friend, Raleigh blew this ship out of the sea during the attack on Cadiz, 1596.

or three pinnaces, was lying at anchor under the Island of Florez. Light in ballast and short of water, with half his men disabled by sickness, Howard was unable to pursue the aggressive purpose on which he had been sent out. Several of the ships' crews were on shore; the ships themselves 'all pestered and rommaging,' with everything out of order. In this condition they were surprised by a Spanish fleet consisting of fifty-three men-of-war. Eleven out of the twelve English ships obeyed the signal of the admiral, to cut or weigh their anchors, and escape as they might. The twelfth, the *Revenge*, was unable for the moment to follow. Of her crew of 190, ninety were sick on shore, and, from the position of the ship, there was some delay and difficulty in getting them on board. The *Revenge* was commanded by Sir Richard Grenville, of Bideford, a man well known in the Spanish seas, and the terror of the Spanish sailors; so fierce he was said to be, that mythic stories passed from lip to lip about him, and, like Earl Talbot or Cœur de Lion, the nurses at the Azores frightened children with the sound of his name. 'He was of great revenues, of his own inheritance,' they said, 'but of unquiet mind, and greatly affected to wars'; and from his uncontrollable propensities for blood-eating, he had volunteered his services to the Queen; 'of so hard a complexion was he, that I (John Huighen von Linschoten, who is our authority here, and who was with the Spanish fleet after the action) have been told by divers credible persons who stood and beheld him, that he would carouse three or four glasses of wine, and take the glasses between his teeth and crush them in pieces and swallow them down.' Such Grenville was to the Spaniard. To the English he was a goodly and gallant gentleman, who had never

turned his back upon an enemy, and was remarkable in that remarkable time for his constancy and daring. In this surprise at Florez he was in no haste to fly. He first saw all his sick on board and stowed away on the ballast; and then, with no more than 100 men left him to fight and work the ship, he deliberately weighed, uncertain, as it seemed at first, what he intended to do. The Spanish fleet were by this time on his weather bow, and he was persuaded (we here take his cousin Raleigh's beautiful narrative, and follow it in Raleigh's words) 'to cut his mainsail and cast about, and trust to the sailing of the ship':—

"'But Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alledging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonour himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through their two squadrons in spite of them, and enforce those of Seville to give him way: which he performed upon diverse of the foremost, who, as the mariners term it, sprang their luff, and fell under the lee of the *Revenge*. But the other course had been the better, and might right well have been answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing: notwithstanding, out of the greatness of his mind, he could not be persuaded.'

"The wind was light; the *San Philip*, a huge 'high-carged ship' of 1500 tons, came up to windward of him, and, taking the wind out of his sails, ran aboard him.

"'After the *Revenge* was entangled with the *San Philip*, four others boarded her, two on her larboard and two on her starboard. The fight thus beginning at three o'clock in the afternoon continued very terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip*, having

received the lower tier of the *Revenge*, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. The Spanish ships were filled with soldiers, in some 200, besides the mariners, in some 500, in others 800. In ours there were none at all, besides the mariners, but the servants of the commander and some few voluntary gentlemen only. After many enterchanged vollies of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitude of their armed soldiers and musketeers; but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ship or into the sea. In the beginning of the fight the *George Noble*, of London, having received some shot through her by the Armadas, fell under the lee of the *Revenge*, and asked Sir Richard what he would command him; but being one of the victuallers, and of small force, Sir Richard bade him save himself, and leave him to his fortune.'

"This last was a little touch of gallantry, which we should be glad to remember with the honour due to the brave English sailor who commanded the *George Noble;* but his name has passed away, and his action is an *In Memoriam*, on which time has effaced the writing. All that August night the fight continued, the stars rolling over in their sad majesty, but unseen through the sulphurous clouds which hung over the scene. Ship after ship of the Spaniards came on upon the *Revenge*, 'so that never less than two mighty galleons were at her side and aboard her, washing up like waves upon a rock, and falling foiled and shattered back amidst the roar of the artillery. Before morning fifteen several Armadas had assailed her, and all in vain;

some had been sunk at her side, and the rest, 'so ill approving of their entertainment, that at break of day they were far more willing to hearken to a composition, than hastily to make more assaults or entries.' 'But as the day increased,' says Raleigh, 'so our men decreased; and as the light grew more and more, by so much the more grew our discomfort, for none appeared in sight but enemies, save one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success, but in the morning, bearing with the *Revenge*, was hunted like a hare among many ravenous hounds—but escaped.'

"All the powder in the *Revenge* was now spent, all her pikes were broken, forty out of her hundred men killed, and a great number of the rest wounded. Sir Richard, though badly hurt early in the battle, never forsook the deck till an hour before midnight; and was then shot through the body while his wounds were being dressed, and again in the head. His surgeon was killed while attending on him; the masts were lying over the side, the rigging cut or broken, the upper works all shot in pieces, and the ship herself, unable to move, was settling slowly in the sea; the vast fleet of Spaniards lying round her in a ring, like dogs round a dying lion, and wary of approaching him in his last agony. Sir Richard, seeing that it was past hope, having fought for fifteen hours, and 'having by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery through him,' 'commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship, that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards; seeing in so many hours they were not able to take her, having had above fifteen hours' time, above ten thousand men, and fifty-three men-of-war

to perform it withal; and persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God and to the mercy of none else; but as they had, like valiant resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honour of their nation by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days.'

"The gunner and a few others consented. But such *δαιμονίη ἀρετή* * was more than could be expected of ordinary seamen. They had dared do all which did become men, and they were not more than men. Two Spanish ships had gone down, above 1500 of their crew were killed, and the Spanish admiral could not induce any one of the rest of his fleet to board the *Revenge* again, 'doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown up himself and them, knowing his dangerous disposition.' Sir Richard lying disabled below, the captain, 'finding the Spaniards as ready to entertain a composition as they could be to offer it,' gained over the majority of the surviving company; and the remainder then drawing back from the master gunner, they all, without further consulting their dying commander, surrendered on honourable terms. If unequal to the English in action, the Spaniards were at least as courteous in victory. It is due to them to say, that the conditions were faithfully observed, and 'the ship being marvellous unsavourie,' Alonzo de Baçan, the Spanish admiral, sent his boat to bring Sir Richard on board his own vessel.

"Sir Richard, whose life was fast ebbing away, replied that 'he might do with his body what he list, for that he esteemed it not'; and as he was carried out of the ship he swooned, and reviving again, desired the company to pray for him.

* Superhuman courage.

"The admiral used him with all humanity, 'commending his valour and worthiness, being unto them a rare spectacle, and a resolution seldom approved.' The officers of the fleet, too, John Higgins tells us, crowded round to look at him; and a new fight had almost broken out between the Biscayans and the 'Portugals,' each claiming the honour of having boarded the *Revenge*.

"'In a few hours Sir Richard, feeling his end approaching, showed not any sign of faintness, but spake these words in Spanish, and said, "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do that hath fought for his country, queen, religion, and honour. Whereby my soul most joyfully departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier that hath done his duty as he was bound to do." When he had finished these or other such like words, he gave up the ghost with great and stout courage, and no man could perceive any sign of heaviness in him.'

"Such was the fight at Florez, in that August of 1591; without its equal in such of the annals of mankind as the thing which we call history has preserved to us; scarcely equalled by the most glorious fate which the imagination of Barrère could invent for the *Vengeur*.* Nor did the matter end without a sequel awful as itself. Sea battles have been often followed by storms, and without a miracle; but with a miracle, as the Spaniards and the English alike believed, or without one, as we moderns would prefer believing, 'there ensued on this action a tempest so terrible as was never

* The gallant antagonist of the *Brunswick* in the "Glorious First of June," 1794.

seen or heard the like before.' A fleet of merchantmen joined the Armada immediately after the battle, forming in all 140 sail; and of these 140, only 32 ever saw Spanish harbour. The rest foundered, or were lost on the Azores. The men-of-war had been so shattered by shot as to be unable to carry sail; and the *Revenge* herself, disdaining to survive her commander, or as if to complete his own last baffled purpose, like Samson, buried herself and her two hundred prize crew under the rocks of St. Michael's.*

. . . . .

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:
With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!"
And he fell upon their decks and he died.—TENNYSON.

* See map, p. 104.

Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode,
Whose ready sails with every wind can fly,
And make a cov'nant with th' inconstant sky;
Our oaks secure, as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a steady foot.

EDMUND WALLER (1605-87).

BLAKE

1599—1657

He betook himself wholly to the sea, and quickly made himself signal there, and was the first man that declined the old track, and made it manifest that the science might be attained in less time than was imagined, and despised those rules which had been long in practice, to keep his ship and men out of danger, which had been held in former times a point of great ability and circumspection, as if the principal art requisite in the captain of a ship had been to be sure to come home safe again. He was the first man who brought the ships to contemn castles on shore, which had been thought ever very formidable, and were discovered by him only to make a noise and to fright those who could rarely be hurt by them. He was the first that infused that proportion of courage into the seamen, by making them see by experience what mighty things they could do if they were resolved, and taught them to fight in fire as well as upon water: and though he hath been very well imitated and followed, he was the first that drew the copy of naval courage and bold and resolute achievement.—LORD CLARENDON.

THE death of Elizabeth rings down the curtain upon the stirring drama of the sea for a long interval. The great attack on Cadiz in 1596 is the last event worthy of record for more than fifty years. Yet in this long period there are changes that must not be forgotten, changes that bring us perceptibly nearer to the days of Nelson. If the reigns of the first two Stuarts record no victory over an Armada, no voyage round the world, at least they chronicle the advent of the Three-decker and the Frigate. The

Three-decker (oddly enough) was the creation of Charles I. When he heard that naval construction in France was outrunning English endeavour, he harried his own experts until in 1636 they produced the *Sovereign of the Seas*. Little enough can be said for Charles's administration of the Navy, but none can gainsay his devotion to all that concerned its pre-eminence, and his attempt to substitute a standing force for the insufficient nucleus of Armada times certainly laid the foundation of British success in the Dutch wars. Unfortunately in promoting the welfare of the Navy, he neglected his own.

The King of Spain meanwhile had found a method of retaliating on his foes, and had issued letters of marque to privateersmen, who made his Flemish port of Dunkirk their base. The Dunkirkers required for their business a vessel capable of overtaking anything else afloat. They invented the Frigate. With a similar end in view, the Elizabethans had constructed smaller and lighter vessels, but modelled them upon the larger. The Pinnaces in every respect but size were identical with the Carracks and the Galleons. The Dunkirkers departed from the slavish adherence to larger models. They swept away all superstructures, all castles and poops, and evolved the lithe trim-built Frigate, fleet on her canvas wings as a swallow.*

In Armada days the English and Dutch had been fighting back to back in a common cause. Both countries had reasons for detesting the name of Spain, and the defeat of the Fleet Invincible was as valuable

* The *Constant Warwick* (1646) was the first frigate of the new type to be added to the British Navy.

to the United Provinces as it was to England herself. The fortunes of the two countries parted company in the fifty years that separate the age of Drake from the age of Blake. In England the last and best of the Tudors was succeeded by the timid James I, who coveted above all else the blessing promised to the peacemakers. He instantly brought the war with Spain to an end without exacting the concessions which the exertions of England entitled her to expect. Later he consented to the death of the belated Elizabethan, Raleigh, in order to pacify an ill-disguised adversary against whom he ought to have been forging thunderbolts.

On succeeding his father, Charles I, who had his own reasons for disliking Spaniards, sent the famous fleet

> . . . which went to Spain
> And when it got there came back again.

He hoped of course to repeat the exploits of Howard and Essex, but the whole affair was a parody of their immortal achievement; and a most ill-advised expedition sent to help the Huguenots of La Rochelle against the powerful Cardinal Richelieu presented an even more dismal failure to angry patriots at home, who daily mustered strength for the Great Rebellion.

While James I and Charles I were losing touch with their subjects, Europe was being racked by the terrible Thirty Years' War (1618–1648), which brought many tragedies in its train, but none sadder than that of James's daughter, Charles's sister, the poor "Winter Queen" of Bohemia. Had the Stuart kings gone to the rescue of their hapless relative they might have gained enviable renown. They preferred to cultivate unpopularity at home, and in 1642 the Civil War broke

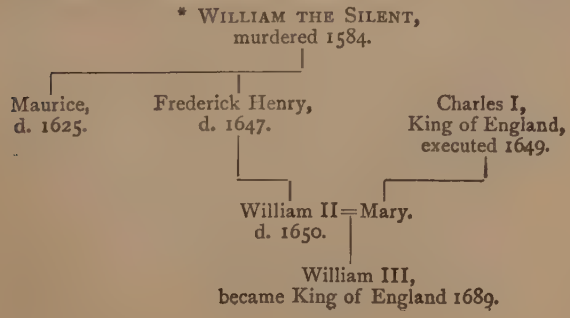
out. On the death of the King a Republic was founded, and the powers of government lodged in a Council of State whose leading spirits were Sir Harry Vane, the "organizer of victory," and Cromwell the Victor.

The Thirty Years' War on the Continent, and the Civil War in England, both alike benefited the United Provinces. It will be remembered that the Declaration of Independence by the Dutch was followed almost immediately by the murder of their silent Stadtholder, William of Orange. The Stadtholderate descended in turn to his famous sons, Maurice and Frederick Henry. In the opinion of Spain the defeat of the Armada made but little difference to the problem in the Netherlands, but in 1609 the generalship of Maurice induced the new Spanish King, Philip III, to agree to a twelve years' truce. Before the twelve years were passed Europe was immersed in the Thirty Years' War, and Philip made the need of helping his cousin, the Emperor, an excuse for not pressing matters in the Low Countries. Frederick Henry, Maurice's successor, a man of talent and caution, allowed his country to take no greater part in the German war than was absolutely necessary; and at its conclusion Spain at last condescended to acknowledge the complete independence which the States had long since won.

Under the enlightened leadership of the house of Orange the United Provinces attained the highest summit of their prosperity. Amsterdam became the acknowledged centre of European industry and commerce. Dutch merchantmen penetrated into every sea, opened new markets, and sent a golden stream flowing back to the gallant little country

which had fought with Spain. Dutch colonists established themselves in North America and South, in Africa and Asia. They formed a chain of settlements round the world. New York was theirs, and Capetown; Java, and Sumatra; and the Moluccas, whose fabled wealth had drawn Da Gama by ocean to the Indies. Already the Empire of the north outrivalled the once proud destinies of Venice. During the preoccupation of the rest of Europe, the Dutchmen easily made themselves masters of the carrying trade of the world, and thereby masters of its wealth. These are the days when Rembrandt painted his glowing canvases, and Van Diemen, proconsul of Batavia, sent Tasman forth to find another continent.

There was one element of weakness and danger in Holland—the Stadtholderate. It was neither one thing nor the other. It was certainly not a monarchy, for the Stadtholder was the elected servant of the States-General: and it certainly was not a presidency, because William, and Maurice, and Frederick Henry* were princes by hereditary right. This confusion gave rise to two parties. There were those who thought it safer to substitute a bourgeois president for a semi-royal; there were those who thought the


* William the Silent, murdered 1584.
Maurice, d. 1625.
Frederick Henry, d. 1647.
Charles I, King of England, executed 1649.
William II = Mary.
d. 1650.
William III, became King of England 1689.

Stadtholder would do well to transform himself into a King.

William the Second, son and successor of Frederick Henry, endeavoured to put into practice the principles of the latter, but his death cut short his plans at the most exciting moment, and during the infancy of his son the Republican party abolished the Stadtholderate, and put at their head the able John de Witt as Grand Pensionary, or President. The Royalist party were, however, depressed; not, like the English cavaliers, defeated; and the strife of parties promised to complicate matters in the event of an outbreak of war.

There were many reasons why the English and Dutch should be drawn into hostility, when the menace of Spain was removed. The mere fact that they had fought and conquered the Spaniards together promised a discrepancy of views as to the division of spoil, nor was it long before conflict began. The apple of discord grew in the East Indies. Shortly after the Cadiz expedition both nations established companies to trade with the Spice Islands. The Spice Islands had belonged to the Portuguese, and the Portuguese possessions had been annexed by Spain. Dutch and English therefore continued their fraternal crusade so long as a common foe thwarted their ambitions; but when the fighting was over, the rivalry that in Europe was smoothed down by the hand of diplomacy, in the Indies came to a head. Finding that the English looked in vain for official support, the Dutch arrogantly claimed the Indies as their exclusive heritage, and began to consider Philip II's hatred for intruders, such as Hawkins, very natural and very pardonable.

Matters reached a crisis in Amboyna, the chief of the Moluccas, or Spice Islands. Amboyna is the most suitable spot in the world for the growth of the clove tree. Realizing this the Dutch determined to secure a monopoly of the trade. They cultivated the plant in Amboyna itself, and destroyed it everywhere else. There was, however, in the island an English factory, which upset the equanimity of the monopolists. They therefore trumped up a charge of conspiracy against the unoffending Britons, seized them, loaded them with chains, hurled them into prison, inflicted tortures to extract the real truth of a fictitious plot, and mercilessly put to death those who survived the ordeal. The Massacre of Amboyna was to the seventeenth century what San Juan de Ulloa had been to the sixteenth, but no Drake arose to make the name of England as fearful to Batavia as it had been to Panama. James I and Charles I gave vent to their anger, but obtained no satisfaction. Englishmen, however, never forgave or forgot the outrage, and vowed that vengeance, if slow, should none the less be exacted when the time came. The time was coming; but in the meantime fuel was added to a smouldering fire.

The town of Amsterdam, said its burghers, was founded on the carcases of herrings. They spoke in metaphor, and attributed their wealth to the profits of the North Sea fisheries. Their herring busses followed the shoals into English waters, and the English claimed a tenth of the catch. The Dutch acknowledged the reasonableness of the demand, commuted the tax for an annual sum of £30,000, and then omitted to pay the money. Charles I built a Three-decker, but did not succeed in punishing the

insolence of the Dutch any more effectually in the North Sea than he had done in the South.

When the house of Stuart fell, its survivors found a temporary refuge at the court of the Stadtholder William II, who had married the daughter of Charles I. The Council of State were offended, but their hands were busy with the subjugation of Scotland and Ireland. They therefore despatched as a special ambassador, to negotiate a working agreement, a certain Isaac Dorislaus, LL.D. "Whilst he was at supper the same evening that he came to the Hague, half a dozen gentlemen entered the room with their swords drawn, and required those who were at the table not to stir, for that there was no harm intended to any but the agent who came from the rebels in England who had murdered their King. And one of them who knew Dorislaus pulled him from the table, and with a dagger killed him at his feet, and thereupon they all put up their swords and walked leisurely out of the house" (Clarendon). The murderers were Scotch followers of Montrose, but it was a little difficult for the Council of State to discriminate between those who had murdered the sacred person of their emissary, and those who had failed to protect him.

When the "Crowning Mercy" at Worcester brought the Commonwealth a feeling of security, the Council of State demanded that the Dutch Republic * should merge its existence in that of the English. At first this sounds like presumptuous infatuation, and indeed it was a rather peculiar form of statecraft; but the English republicans saw in the Orange party with its Stuart connections not only the greatest menace to their own existence, but the greatest menace also to

* William II died in 1650.

the newly-established republic of Holland. In unity lay the permanent salvation of both; and with London as the centre of government the precedence of England would be secured. Naturally enough the Dutch preferred to maintain the independence for which they had fought so sturdily, even if it did carry the sting of danger. They declined the invitation, very politely, but very firmly.

As a direct consequence the Council of State began to have warlike thoughts. They found themselves like many another usurping government, in urgent need of a popular cry. A war that would wipe out the stain of Amboyna, a war that would fire the blood of patriots, was rapidly becoming necessary to distract attention from home affairs. A war that brought success in its train might very well win recognition for the infant Republic from the supercilious monarchs of the Continent. In spite of citizen Cromwell's opposition, a deliberate attack was made upon Dutch trade. In the first place, the famous Navigation Act was passed. This law forbade the importation into England of any goods, unless the said goods were brought by British ships, or by the ships of the country which produced the goods. In case this frontal attack upon the carrying trade of Holland should prove insufficient to stir Low Country phlegm, the Council issued letters of marque to privateers, who were instructed to prey upon royalist-inclined Frenchmen, and search Dutch merchantmen for goods consigned to France.

The Dutch were not likely to sit still under treatment such as this. They began to ask themselves what right the English had to interfere. Had the question been addressed direct to the Council of State, whose minute-book records a resolution to keep

a terrestrial globe in a prominent position on the council table, they would doubtless have returned answer that the English were the guardians of a priceless piece of water known as the Straits of Dover; that through the Straits of Dover lay the only practicable route for the merchant ships that passed from Amsterdam and Rotterdam to the Moluccas, to Guinea, and the Cape; and that if the Dutch did not acknowledge in suitable terms their obligation to the English for their kind permission to carry on a worldwide trade, the English aforesaid would be compelled, much against their will, to put an end to the same worldwide trade, or, in other words, to close the Straits of Dover to the swollen-headed dwellers on the carcases of fish. Let their High Mightinesses look to it, therefore, that they gave outward expression to their obligation by humbling themselves whenever they used the English seas, and by lowering their topsails in deferential obeisance to the power that held the destinies of Dutchmen in the hollow of her hand.

Time and again in the days gone by England had exacted homage for her flag in the Narrow Seas; but when she deliberately made up her mind to look for and resent the slightest breach of good manners on the part of a near neighbour in whom familiarity had bred an easy contempt, war had of course become a certainty, and the time of its outbreak a matter of hours.

It is not easy to form a correct estimate of the comparative strength of the two republics at this distance of time. The mighty British Empire with its panorama of sea-glories intrudes itself upon the judgment.

In 1652 the Dutch were at liberty to argue that the English had no great record roll of fame upon the sea. The glories of the Elizabethan age had been dimmed by the silliness of Cadiz and Rhé, and those who judged of British seamanship by such parodies might well be excused for a growing conviction that the Great Armada had indeed been dissipated by the winds, and not by the might of Howard or the strategy of Drake. It might be a little difficult to prove that the Dutch were the greatest naval power in 1652, but they certainly had the widest experience of the sea, and far and away the greatest number of ships.

Yet on the whole the balance of advantages was on the side of England.

In the first place she derived enormous advantage from her geographical position. The strategic importance of the Straits of Dover has already been mentioned. Even if the Dutch were sufficiently strong to force the Straits, their warships were exposed to flank attacks for the entire length of the English Channel, while their merchantmen, unless convoyed by battleships, could be rifled with immunity from any one of a dozen ports on England's southern shore. The alternative route round the north of Scotland was equally exposed to marauders from Lowestoft and Harwich, and was far too long and far too dangerous ever to find acceptance as a permanent waterway. If the Dutch had been able to secure the Scilly Isles and Jersey they might have retaliated to some purpose; but even so, there was nothing whatever to prevent the English merchantmen from putting into western ports without suffering molestation. England again had no land boundaries to protect, and could give undivided attention to the sea, while the proximity of

Spain in Flanders, and the absence of natural boundaries on the east and south made it incumbent on Holland to maintain a standing army of continental dimensions.*

In 1652 England was still an agricultural and pastoral country, and the outbreak of war would not disturb the foundations of her prosperity. Holland was a nation of fishers and oceanic carriers, and the interception of her merchantmen, and the destruction of her herring fleets, would paralyse her power of continuing the struggle long before her zeal declined, her courage abated, or her public spirit decayed. The contest would resemble a duel between a man in full coat of mail armed with a sword, and a man in a leather jerkin armed with a quarter-staff. Tripped up by the quarter-staff the armour-clad combatant would be flouted and laughed at, and earn the reproach of little men; but he could afford to wait, being invulnerable. If leather-jerkin received a home-thrust from the sword, his life-blood drained away, unless the swordsman allowed him grace to bind his wounds.

The Dutch were no better off in the matter of administration and government. The seven provinces were jealous and quarrelsome. Zealand considered Holland presumptuous, Holland considered Zealand interfering. Both earned the dislike of Utrecht. The Stadtholder alone could appeal to all alike for the patriotism which a leader of armies inspires, and his disappearance left a discontented party who might have rested content with a republic so long as it was graced by a monarch in disguise, but

* This handicap is best seen in the last Dutch war (1672), when Louis XIV's invasion of Holland made it impossible for the Dutch to fight the English at sea, as well as the French on land.

found it difficult to render homage to a President, even when he had the ability of John de Witt.

In ships the Dutch were superior to the English, so far at least as numbers were concerned, but their navy included only a few vessels designed exclusively for war.* The Commonwealth inherited the pride in fighting ships which Charles I had felt. They doubled the number of his fleet in the first three years of their rule, and filled it with seamen better trained, better fed, and better paid than the sailors of "ship-money" days. They inherited also the love which the Elizabethans had shewn for the personality of their ships. They constructed their vessels as if they intended them to outlive three generations, and endowed them with a sturdiness that did silent honour to their parent oaks. The Dutch did not put so much work into their ships, but constructed them in haste, and sacrificed stability to rapidity of acquisition. The sandy nature of their coasts, with its need for vessels of shallow draught, approved the type, and encouraged a flatness of keel. In the close encounters for which the first Dutch war was famous, it was found that these flat-bottomed, lightly-built ships suffered far more from artillery fire than the wooden-walled castles of England.

The most valuable asset of the Dutch lay in their Captain at sea, the immortal admiral, Martin Tromp. He was born in the year 1597, and was therefore two years older than Cromwell. His parents lived at Brill, a home worthy a sea king; and Martin was early apprenticed to the ocean. At the age of eight he set out on his first voyage to the Indies, but his ship was

* No self-respecting merchantman went unarmed, of course, in an age when piracy was not confined by any means to the less civilized nations. The naval powers had still to learn that their duties included adequate protection for traders on the sea.

KING ALFRED'S COLLEGE
LIBRARY

captured by the English off the coast of Guinea, and Tromp served two years as cabin-boy, before he effected his escape. He rose rapidly, and deservedly, and in 1639 shewed the world what he could do. In that year the Spaniards sent, to convoy an army of reinforcements to Flanders, a large fleet commanded by the son of the hero Oquendo who bade Medina Sidonia "load the guns again." On passing the Straits of Dover the Spaniards were set upon by Tromp and took refuge in the Downs. Notwithstanding the presence of an English fleet, the Dutch admiral stood in and practically annihilated his enemy, before the English had time to make up their minds whether they ought to attack the Dutch, or merely defend the Spaniards. Tromp was not only a commander of undeniable courage and a seaman of ripe experience, but he was also admittedly a tactician of genius, and introduced into his fleet improvements of disposition which considerably augmented its fighting value. He was an adherent of the Orange party, and had about him none of the austere gravity of the Puritan. Pictures of him in his deep lace collar show a massive chin, laughing eyes, and fierce upturned moustache, which recall the "Laughing Cavalier" of his contemporary and countryman, Franz Hals. Staunchest son of Holland in her brief career as a first-class power, Tromp may well be placed beside the naval commanders of all time without fear of losing by comparison.

England was fortunate in finding for Tromp an opponent worthy of his steel. Robert Blake was born in 1599 of a gentle Somersetshire family resident at Bridgwater. His father was a man of business, and despite the claims of a numerous family remained

master of considerable wealth. At eighteen years of age Robert was sent to Oxford, where he was entered at Wadham College. Here he studied for many years, and found the classics so congenial that he cherished thoughts of a fellowship. This did not prevent him from taking his pleasure, "fishing, fowling, and sometimes in stealing of swans." He was not successful in the matter of the fellowship, and his father's death in the year of Charles I's accession called him to fulfil his duties at home. He strongly disapproved of Charles's misgovernment, and when the Great Civil War broke out in 1642 he took the side of the Parliament.

It is for this reason, perhaps, that he has not always received the justice due to his incomparable parts. Those who find themselves disappointed at Blake's decision to take up arms against his King should learn a lesson from the celebrated Lord Clarendon (1608–74), whose ability for correctly estimating the characters of his fellow-men was only equalled by his devotion to the house of Stuart. Writing of Blake, the Royalist historian sets aside his inborn prejudices, and lavishes on the admiral a whole-hearted, unstinted praise which he can spare for no one else. Those who love the sea better than Cromwell will learn with appreciation that when the Lord General undertook his Irish Campaign, and invited Blake to become his Major-General, the inducements of so high an honour were insufficient to tempt Blake from a profession in which he was then only serving his apprenticeship.

Blake was undoubtedly a Puritan; but he was an ideal rather than a typical Puritan. He was sober and level-headed, pious and just; but he never stooped to mar a galaxy of virtues by hypocritical sanctity and obtrusive humility.

In the early stages of the war the King achieved a marked measure of success in the West. After several minor victories the Cornishmen joined hands with the main army at Oxford, and in the summer of 1643 the Royalists sat down to besiege Bristol, which still retained its Parliamentary garrison. The town was taken by Prince Rupert in July, but one of the outlying forts held out for twenty-four hours after the surrender, because its commander had not received word of the capitulation from headquarters. The commander was Robert Blake. It is said that Rupert was with some difficulty restrained from hanging him. If there is any truth in the report, Rupert probably lived to regret his "magnanimity." In the following year Blake took an active part in the defence of Lyme Regis, which underwent a siege from Prince Maurice, Rupert's brother; but the Earl of Essex (son of the hero of Cadiz, and Commander-in-Chief of the Parliamentary armies) resolved to reconquer the West, and at his approach Maurice raised the siege and forfeited a reputation by his failure at so insignificant a place.

In view of the character he had gained for daring and resource, Blake was now given command of the town of Taunton, which had fallen before Essex's advance. Taunton was unwalled, unfortified, and not really in a position to be held at all. It seemed hard lines, after the display of so much pluck, that Blake should have been singled out for a design which offered so small a prospect of success. In Blake's vocabulary, however, there was no such word as failure. He extemporized defences, stoutened the hearts of the defenders, and mocked his enemies with good-humoured raillery. When the last pig was reached, Blake had it whipped in various quarters of the town

to convince the besiegers that he was still the master of a whole herd of swine. When the Royalist captain sent in a rather ragged envoy to treat of terms, Blake sent him back with a new suit. The citizens forgot despair, and learnt the meaning of hero-worship. Twice the plucky garrison sallied forth, effectually routed their opponents, and forced them to abandon the leaguer. Each time the defeated regiments were replaced by others, and Blake had the satisfaction of delaying a whole army in the West at the vital moment when the desperate position of the King's fortune in the Midlands demanded the presence of every available man. In this way the defence of Taunton in 1645 was second only to Naseby in frustrating the Royalist hopes. After Naseby Fairfax relieved Taunton, and Blake's invaluable services were rewarded with a gift of five hundred pounds.

At the beginning of troubles Parliament had secured the adherence of the fleet; but in 1648, when the Second Civil War broke out, a number of ships deserted, and put themselves at the service of the Royal Family. Charles's sister, the "Winter Queen" of Bohemia, pawned her jewels to provide funds, and the command of the little squadron was given to her son, Prince Rupert. On the death of the King in 1649, the impetuous Prince set sail with the full intention of preying upon the shipping of the "ruffians," who had murdered his uncle. To meet this new danger the Council of State put the fleet under the command of three valiant colonels, Popham, Blake, and Deane. It would be very interesting indeed to know exactly why Blake was chosen. He was now turned fifty years of age, and though he may possibly have crossed the water on matters of business, he had seen no service on the

sea. The main facts about Blake's life are well known, but there is a deplorable absence of gossip concerning him. It is impossible to know whether he died an old bachelor from preference, or through maiden's cruelty. It is difficult even to describe his appearance, though the chronicler of his Oxford days vows that the Warden of Merton refused to have him as a Fellow because he was so short and thick-set. Lion courage and unaffected modesty are the unforgettable traits in his character; to these must be added a resourcefulness seldom equalled, and a wholesome contempt for plunder. In 1649 men probably said that Rupert would try in vain to take a ship if Blake were inside it, for the man who could defend Taunton could defend anything.

Finding himself outnumbered, Rupert took refuge in Kinsale, on the south coast of Ireland, and Blake watched him with feline patience, knowing that Oliver was coming from the north; but though he outstayed the other triumvirs, a winter storm drove him from the port, and Rupert escaped. When, at the beginning of 1650, it was known that Rupert was in Lisbon, Blake was put at the head of a fleet to fetch the "pirate" out. The monarchs of the Continent were naturally very much shocked at the English revolution, and could not but think that a Stuart restoration would be but a matter of months. As a consequence the King of Portugal * was not inclined to listen to the protests of the Commonwealth, as voiced by their admiral, and saw no resemblance between Rupert and a pirate. Blake therefore found it necessary to read the King a lesson, and give the world the first practical illustration of his lifelong resolve to

* Portugal regained her independence in 1640.

"keep the foreigner from fooling us." The King of Portugal had an oversea possession, Brazil; and when the Brazilian fleet hove in sight Blake quietly intercepted it. He then sailed away from Lisbon to give the King an opportunity of dismissing Rupert without the painful necessity of handing him over to his enemies. The King took the hint!

Rupert ran through the straits into the Mediterranean; left the bulk of his fleet at Carthagena; and attended only by Maurice went elsewhere on urgent affairs of business. Blake arriving at Carthagena, made quick work of the leaderless fleet, and in the beginning of 1651 was back in England with his work accomplished.* Parliament offered him grateful thanks and made him a grant of a thousand pounds. For the remainder of the year he was busily employed in reducing Jersey and the Scilly Isles.

In spite of the fact that it was not uncommon in the seventeenth century to put a soldier in command of a fleet, there seems to be something a little incongruous in the selection of Blake in 1649, more especially as he had already established a considerable reputation on land; but in 1652, even if he were not yet versed in all the intricacies of seamanship, he

* After the destruction of their fleet by Blake, Rupert and Maurice carried on their hostile tactics (or piracy) in the West Indies. Here Rupert gave his name to the bay in Dominica which still remembers him. After a time Maurice's ship went down in a storm, and Rupert returned to France, where he remained till the "blessed Restoration." When Charles II renewed war with the Dutch, Rupert served under the Duke of York (James II) and the Duke of Albemarle (Monk). At the conclusion of the war the versatile Prince gave up his time to the pursuit of chemistry, mechanics, and other branches of natural science, for all of which he displayed considerable aptitude. He died in London in 1682, at the age of seventy-three.

could no longer be labelled a landsman, and a general of exceptional abilities who had seen three years of active service at sea was the most obvious man in England to command against the Dutch.

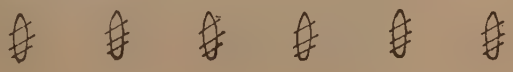
The presence of Blake and other "Amphibians" in the British fleet had an influence upon the development of the Navy that can hardly be exaggerated. Imbued with the principles which had made the New Model Army of Cromwell and Fairfax the finest war machine in the world, they brought with them a desire to organize the maritime fighting force upon lines of military precision. This spirit of militarism must not of course be interpreted as anything that ran counter to the peculiar demands of the sea. The Elizabethans had foiled the navies of Spain at all points by their superior seamanship, but their methods stopped short of perfection by their inability to annihilate their foes. A tendency to exult unduly in their seamanship carried the germs of decay, and after the sorry decadence of Stuart days Clarendon declares the acceptance of a sea-captain as apparently dependent on his ability to keep his ship and men out of danger.

In the age of Drake operations had been confined so closely to expeditions of which the descents on Cadiz and San Domingo are types, that there is a danger of forgetting how much the Navy had still to learn with regard to pitched battles at sea. The fight with the Armada, though modern in its seamanship as expounded by the English, was as an encounter medieval. It is reminiscent of a tournament, and especially of that part of the tournament known as the mêlée. The hopes of the combatants rested very

largely on the numbers of their ships: their tactics suggest a laudable but unscientific desire to emulate the prowess of a well-tried chief, to attack when he attacks, to attack where he attacks, to retire when he retires. A Rugby football captain of the present day could hardly hope to win if he collected about sixty followers; led them all on to the field together; and instructed them to do whatever he did himself—unless, of course, his opponent was equally foolish, or (like Medina Sidonia), brought up near orange groves and tunny ponds, was very scant of breath.

The Cromwellian soldiers saw no reason why the fleet should not be arranged as an army on land. They proceeded to divide the ships into squadrons under Admirals, Vice-Admirals, and Rear-Admirals. They did not of course in any way interfere with the seamanship, and as the Amphibians learned more of seamanship they were able to correct their impressions; but the important point is that they entered the Navy as full-blown colonels, accepted the Elizabethan conception of the ship (not the sailor) as the unit, and proceeded to drill the units into squadrons and companies, in order to secure a victory in the day of battle.

A more formidable task confronted the tactician after he had arranged his force into Right, Centre, and Left, or nautically into Red, White, and Blue. How was he to hurl his force in a compact mass at the enemy with the greatest rapidity and accuracy possible, with the minimum of loss to himself, and with the maximum of injury to his foe? The formation Line Abreast—



would probably commend itself first, because it approximated to army formations since battles began. In this formation the ships could, with the wind behind them, advance against the foe shoulder to shoulder (as it were), like great winged creatures of the deep; arrive together in a compact mass; and direct their onslaught upon the whole or upon part of the enemy's line.

Two grave objections rendered this formation quite impossible, save as a temporary expedient. The ship's armament, unlike the lancer's lance, or the pikeman's pike, or even the galley's gun, did not lie under her nose but in her broadside. Moreover, ships approaching the enemy line abreast exposed themselves to a raking fire which swept from bow to stern, and imperilled the entire motive power of the vessel, and the lives of a very large number of her crew. Under such conditions the ship suffered as a regiment on land when taken in flank.

When therefore the Dutch wars provided the first great opportunity for sailing-ships to work out the problems of naval tactics, it was found that the Line Ahead formation was preferable—

though here of course the line of advance is at right angles to the line of fire, instead of being parallel.

It cannot be said with any certainty how far Blake himself, or Monk, was responsible for the origin of the Line Ahead; it cannot be said as yet how far the First Dutch War, and how far the Second and Third, contributed to the evolution of the idea. The Battle of Portland shows a great advance upon the Armada fight in ordered array; there is a nearer approxima-

tion to the line ahead in the Battle of Scheveningen than there is in the Battle of Portland. At the least it is certain that the theory of the Line Ahead grew out of the brains of the Amphibians, and reached maturity as the Dutch wars reached a conclusion.*

THE FIRST† DUTCH WAR. 1652–54

THE "AFFAIR" OFF DOVER

MAY 19, 1652

The first important action of the war is generally known as the Battle of Dover. It took place on May 19th, 1652. Blake with only fifteen ships was at Rye, while his second in command, Rear-Admiral Bourne, with eight ships found shelter in the Downs. A stiffish breeze blew from the north-east. The Dutch were expecting one of their innumerable merchant fleets, and rightly judging the temper of the English as inclining to hostility they sent Martin Tromp to convoy the merchantmen in safety through the Straits. For some reason or other Tromp put in at Dover; possibly, as he himself asserted, for shelter. He exchanged courtesies with Bourne, who advised him to depart with speed in order to prove that his intentions were really amicable.

A few days previously a Captain Young, patrolling the western approaches to the Channel, had fallen in with a Dutch merchant fleet under convoy of three

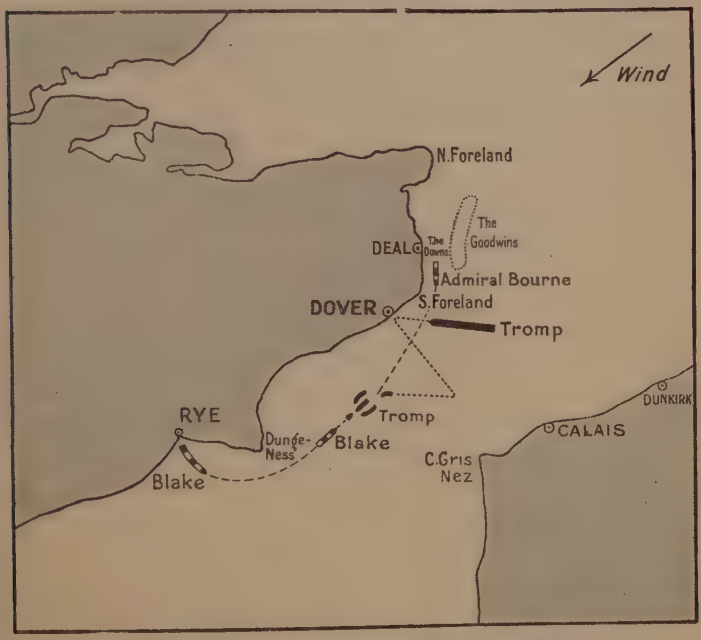
* After the "Line" had been accepted as the normal order of array, the designation "of the Line" was added as a distinctive epithet to those ships which, by their tonnage and armament, were qualified to take a foremost part in the stress of an engagement at sea.

† The war of 1652–4 is known as the FIRST Dutch War, to distinguish it from two subsequent wars between the same belligerents in the reign of Charles II.

ships of war off the Start. On Captain Young's demanding the salute a quarrel arose, and in the fight that followed the Dutch were compelled to yield to his demands. When Tromp, at the request of Bourne, stood out from Dover, he was met by a Captain van Saanen, who informed him of recent occurrences in the west. The intelligence seems to have had an instant effect upon the Admiral. Perhaps all the bitterness of his hatred for England robbed him for the moment of his self-control; perhaps he argued that Captain Young's action had precipitated the war which every one knew could not be postponed much longer. Whatever his reasons, he certainly altered his course, and returned to the English coast.

Meanwhile Blake, informed by Bourne, stood out from Rye, and interpreting Tromp's return as a deliberate menace, determined to enforce the rights of his country. With this object his guns rang out the peremptory order for the salute. It is quite possible that Tromp misunderstood Blake's meaning, but whether he did so or not, he replied unhesitatingly with a broadside. Much eloquence was afterwards expended on both sides with regard to this battle. The Dutch convinced themselves that their admiral had saluted Bourne; and thereafter, while peaceably pursuing his way down the Channel to meet his convoy, had been set upon in an utterly unjustifiable fashion by Blake. The English, in the firm belief that Tromp with war in his heart had impudently flaunted his flag with needless incivility under their very nose and blazed away at his foe with boorish truculence in time of peace, regarded the episode not as the first skirmish, but as an abominable outrage, which filled the deep cup of their country's grievances to overflowing. The

truth probably lay somewhere between the two views. Tromp, thinking perhaps that his countrymen had been ill-treated by Captain Young, returned to English waters to show that he was there to protect Dutch interests, and meeting Blake, who, without desiring



THE OPERATIONS OF BLAKE AND TROMP IN THE STRAITS OF DOVER, MAY 19, 1652.

battle, was determined that the foreigner should not be allowed to "brave us on our own coasts," mistook his thundering protest for a definite declaration of war. There is at least no doubt who fired the first broadside.

No praise is too high for Blake on this occasion.

Unprepared though the crisis found him, he resolved to exact respect for his country's flag from the greatest sea-captain of the age. Tromp already enjoyed a great reputation by reason of his victory over Oquendo in 1639, and having under his command a fleet of some forty-two ships, outnumbered his challenger by three to one. Blake, who flew his flag in the *James*, advanced none the less with demonstrative recklessness well in advance of his line, and found himself, like Collingwood at Trafalgar, alone among his enemies. That he was not immediately captured is a sound argument in favour of the view that the English ships were of superior construction to the Dutch, and that the gunnery of the English excelled that of their rivals. Tromp, in the *Brederode*,* made every effort to secure his opponent's flagship; he cut her rigging to shreds, crippled one of her masts, and decimated her company, but as the remainder of Blake's squadron worked their way into action, some relief was at length afforded to the heroic commander-in-chief.

Meanwhile a diversion was created by Admiral Bourne. Hearing the noise of battle, he at once hurried to the scene, and appeared opportunely to the windward of Tromp, who up till now had enjoyed the full benefit of the weather-gauge. Bourne was enabled to cut off two ships, and so definitely to turn the fortune of battle to the English side. The fight

* Count Brederode, after whom this ship was called, was a Flemish noble who by reason of his birth and his audacity took a prominent part in the early period of opposition to Philip's rule. Although he degraded his hatred for the Spaniards by an inordinate love of wine, he established himself firmly in the popular fancy, and it was due to him more than to any one else that his party adopted as an honourable designation the opprobrious name of "Beggars," which the Spanish party had hurled at them in contemptuous scorn.

had lasted for five hours, and as night fell Tromp drew away to his own coast, abandoning for the present his attempt to force his way through the Channel without permission. Details of the battle are not very numerous, and it is difficult to say what would have been the result of the encounter but for Bourne's appearance. His arrival brought to the English side all the advantages of the military "Flank Attack," the merits of which, as a former soldier, he was quick to recognize. The onslaught of a fresh force from an unexpected quarter had a demoralizing effect upon the foe very much greater than the inherent strength of that force under ordinary circumstances would have warranted.

THE BATTLE OF THE KENTISH KNOCK

SEPTEMBER 28, 1652

After the affair at Dover both nations entered heart and soul into the struggle. The English commissioned Blake to proceed at once against the Dutch herring fleet in the North Sea; and in the last days of June he set out at the head of forty sail. The enterprise of course promised no honour; but Blake, true Briton that he was, rejoiced at the thought of chastising those who impudently made their living in British preserves. The herring fleet consisted of 600 vessels, guarded by an escort of some twelve or fifteen warships. Blake captured or sank the convoy; unloaded the fishing vessels; flung the herrings into the sea; and sent the fishers, empty-handed, home.

The despatch of Blake to the north left a weak point in the British defence. Ayscue with but fourteen vessels was left to defend the Straits of Dover. In the

end this faulty disposition proved more unfortunate for the Dutch than for the English, but the isolation of Ayscue can hardly be excused by supposing that the Council of State purposely risked its destruction on the chance that it would lure the Dutch Admiral to his doom. Shortly after Blake's departure, Tromp sallied forth with a magnificent fleet of 100 sail, and for the moment nothing intervened between England and invasion but a little flotilla of fourteen ships. Totally unable to stand against so formidable a force, Ayscue ran under the guns of Dover, and Tromp's hesitancy in attacking him here was changed some days later to inability by a shift of the wind round to the west. The desire to wipe out the memory of his recent defeat by a smart little victory in the same neighbourhood was naturally strong in the heart of Tromp, but the waste of precious time could only have found excuse if it had recalled Blake from his work of destruction in the north.

When at last he realized the gravity of the mistake he had made, Tromp turned with all possible speed to the proper sphere of operations: but by this time the herring fleet was returning home to inflame the minds of his countrymen against him; and when at last he did find Blake near the Orkneys a gale arose to greet him as if he had been Vanderdecken himself. The combatants were parted in spite of themselves. Blake found refuge to leeward of Mainland in the Shetlands. His adversary's fleet was scattered far and wide, and many a ship was lost ere she could win home. Picture now the welcome offered to poor Tromp on his return. With no less than a hundred good ships under his command he had been flouted by a miserable flotilla of a dozen; had allowed Blake

at his leisure to destroy a convoy of fifteen and sweep the herring boats off the sea; and finally had ignominiously come home to shelter from a storm. Assuredly such a one was not the man to whom to entrust the destinies of the country at such a crisis! What could be expected, however, from a royalist, from a supporter of the House of Orange? The Dutch dismissed their best admiral at a moment when they needed him most.*

To replace Tromp the Republic chose Cornelius De With,† an able man, but not of course one who could hope to achieve success where Tromp had failed. Indeed the fate of his command was foreshadowed at the outset, when the mariners of the *Brederode* refused to have him on board. But if De With was not quite the man for the emergency, there was serving under him one of the greatest seamen the seventeenth century produced. Born in 1607, De Ruyter was at this time forty-five years of age. He served with distinction in this campaign, and afterwards under Tromp, but it is by his masterly conduct in the Second and Third Dutch wars (1664–1674) that he claims comparison with the great sea-

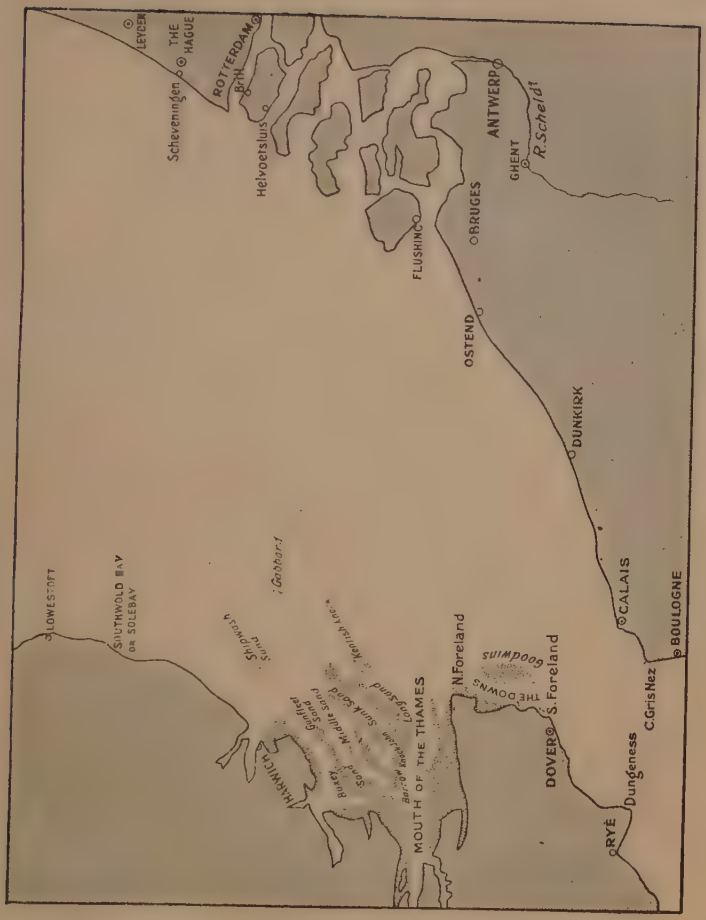
* A similar mistake was made by the English Government in 1782, when they recalled Rodney from the West Indies because he happened to be a Tory. Happily the scene of operations on this occasion was further removed from the political arena, and Rodney won a glorious victory before he received the intimation that his services were no longer required.

† De With is often mistaken (not without reason) for John de Witt, who at the early age of twenty-eight became Grand Pensionary (or President) of the United States of the Netherlands, in the second year of the war with England (cp. p. 120). John did his very utmost for the Dutch Navy, but neglected the army, and when Louis XIV invaded Holland in 1672, the Grand Pensionary (together with his brother Cornelius) was murdered. The House of Orange was then restored in the person of William, afterwards William III of England, who had expressed his resolve to "die on the last dyke."

captains of all time. It was De Ruyter who defeated the Duke of Albemarle (Monk) in the "Four Days' Battle" in 1666; it was De Ruyter who sailed up the Thames and burnt Charles the Second's wig; it was De Ruyter who handled the Duke of York (James II) and Montagu so roughly at the Battle of Southwold Bay. He was a small man with a rugged face not unlike that of Cromwell, whom he further resembled in his piety and real talent for strategy of the highest order. His forehead was broad and massive, and his hair hung loosely about his shoulders. Heavy eyebrows, constantly knit, gave his face a look of ferocity quite foreign to his nature, which was gentle.

As the *James* had been dismasted in the Battle of Dover, Blake, on his return from the north, hoisted his flag on board the *Resolution* (68 guns). He commanded the services of Penn as Vice-Admiral.* Penn had been brought up to the sea from his earliest youth, and unlike so many of his famous contemporaries had seen no service on a land battlefield. His best remembered exploit is the capture of Jamaica in Cromwell's war with Spain, but this of course was still to come. Penn hoisted his flag in a very famous ship, once the *Sovereign of the Seas*, now the *Sovereign* (without a title). She was the first three-decker ever built, the pride of that Ship-money fleet, which was intended to turn the Dutch herring fleet off the seas, and succeeded in turning its master off the throne. She was designed by Phineas Pett, M.A., of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, a member of a famous family which had for generations supplied the throne with the most enlightened of Naval Constructors. The

* After he had been joined by Penn, Blake possessed a fleet almost numerically equal to that of his foe.



THE SANDBANKS AT THE MOUTH OF THE THAMES

The Kentish Knock lay upon the direct route from the Downs to Chatham, the fairway winding between the Gunfleet and the Sunk Sand. In the map the words OF THE THAMES seem to indicate a clear channel, which in reality is blocked by shallows.

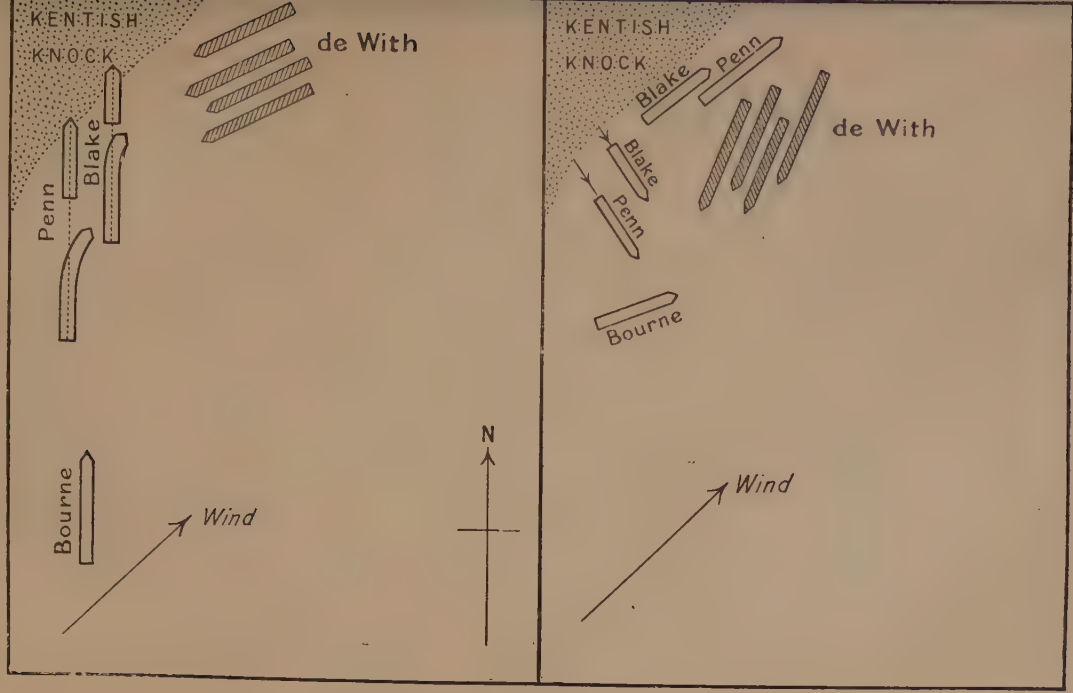
Sovereign was of 1700 tons burthen.* Her total length measured 130 feet. She had three closed decks, a forecastle, a half-deck, and a quarter-deck, and she mounted 102 guns.† Third in command of the English fleet was the military Admiral Bourne, who had brought such material assistance to Blake in the Battle of Dover.

The Dutch Admirals were expected by the home government to search out and destroy the English ships, or so hem them in their ports as to make it possible for the merchant fleets to pursue their way in safety. They had under their command between sixty and seventy ships, differing from the English mainly in the flatness of their keels. Determined to make the most of this characteristic, De With drew up his ships as near as possible to the outer side of the Kentish Knock, a sandbank, the position of which may be seen on the accompanying plan.

While the wind continued to blow from the west, the Dutch position was an exceedingly strong one, because there was no danger of running aground, and because there was no danger of attack from the weather quarter except by a fleet willing to risk the possibility of destruction on the shoals. If this was their argument (and there is much to be said for it), they were probably aware that the westerly breeze, as guardian of the Knock, would fight impartially for either side. Nelson would certainly have been quick to realize this, and Blake, no whit slower, determined to deliver an immediate attack, and . . . retain the wind. Accord-

* Compare this with the *Triumph*, the largest English ship against the Spanish Armada (see p. 65).

† On the Restoration of Charles II, she again changed her name, and became the ancestress of many *Royal Sovereigns*. After her third christening, she took a right regal part in the Battle of Barfleur (La Hogue), 1691.



THE BATTLE OF THE KENTISH KNOCK
September 28, 1652
[The figures represent groups of ships, not single vessels]

ingly he entered the battle in three divisions, which were not in one and the same straight line. Penn led the van, and keeping the weather ran aground as the Dutch had foreseen, and was followed by many another, including the Commander-in-Chief. Those that followed no doubt used the stranded vessels as useful guides to navigation, and entering the battle wrought fearful destruction by the superiority of their ordnance. The Dutch replied to the attack by standing to the south on the starboard tack. Meanwhile the westerly wind was nobly seconding the efforts of Blake and Penn to get afloat. By its aid they succeeded, and followed by their consorts they were enabled by their involuntary delay to throw themselves to windward of the returning foe, and so, placing him between two fires, to repeat in a new phase the tactics that had proved so successful at Dover.

Thus the battle continued furiously till nightfall, and it may be surmised that the Dutch suffered ten times more casualties than the English. Night parted the combatants, and though De With hardly dared to return home, he found it quite impossible to induce his mariners to renew the strife. The English commanders claim to have wrought havoc among the enemies' ships, but all that can be said for certain is that two prizes were taken, and that one of them sank before she reached port, owing to the injury she had received from her captors. Had the battle begun earlier in the day, there can be little doubt that a very decisive result would have been reached; as it was the English acclaimed the encounter a most gallant victory, as indeed they had every right to do.

THE BATTLE OF THE NESS

NOVEMBER 30, 1652

Though Blake's countrymen might fairly argue that nothing but nightfall had prevented the annihilation of their enemies at the Kentish Knock, yet it was fairly evident to all, that night had interrupted the struggle and that the enemy were not annihilated. If Blake had captured thirty ships, sunk as many, and allowed but a sorry remnant to carry home the news, the rosy outlook would have justified a rest, but the success, such as it was, should undoubtedly have been followed up by a blockade of the Dutch ports, and the inaction of the Council of State went far to deprive the victory of all the significance attaching to it.

On the other side of the North Sea a more admirable spirit prevailed. By dogged pluck and untiring perseverance the Dutch determined to shew that it would take more than a trifling reverse to humble their pride, or extort from them a confession of defeat. Realizing where their great mistake had lain, they once more set Tromp in command, and before the end of November (eight short weeks after the battle) they provided him with a fleet of eighty ships or more. With these he prepared to issue his challenge once again; to make his presence known in the Downs; and stand through the Straits in defiance of their keeper.

The most natural explanation of the English conduct is to suppose that with a victory to their credit they found it difficult to believe that the Dutch could possibly contemplate any further offensive movements before the return of spring at the earliest. Some such

explanation is certainly necessary, for it requires no profundity of knowledge to appreciate the folly of disbanding the fleet in the middle of the war. Yet such was the course adopted: the English fleet was broken up into detached squadrons, and when Tromp appeared off the English coast Blake found himself utterly outnumbered. It would be interesting to know what his thoughts were as he realized that his foe was determined to force the Straits. He may well have felt the bitterness of extreme annoyance, when he reflected that here were the very offenders whom he had twice belaboured committing with the coolness of consummate impudence the very sin for which he had punished them, and committing it in the very spirit of mockery within arm's reach of the wielder of the whip. However stalwart the culprit, to allow him to pass with impunity would be derogatory to the honour of the country that he loved, and subversive of his own self-respect.

In the battle that followed Blake was vanquished; but even in discomfiture he conquers hearts and compels admiration. Wholly unconscious of a sublime courage that distinguished him on this, as on all occasions, he sat down to indite to his foolish masters a letter whose pathetic contrition should move the coldest. Perhaps Leonidas in spirit still haunts Thermopylæ, unable to rest because he permitted the Persian to force a way through the pass. "Your honours," wrote Blake, "I hope it will not be unreasonable for me to desire your honours that you would think of giving me, your unworthy servant, a discharge from this employment so far too great for me, that so I may be freed from that burden of spirit which lies upon me arising from the sense of my own

insufficiency." Troubled in spirit by the sense of his own insufficiency! Humiliated and vexed with himself because he had not defeated the greatest sea-captain afloat with a force so miserably inadequate as to provide ample reason for avoiding action altogether! To the credit of the government be it said that they had far too high an opinion of their gallant Admiral to take his words seriously. They acknowledged their own responsibility for the disaster, exonerated him of all blame, and handsomely offered to do all in their power to atone for their mistake.

The wind was blowing from the north-west when on November 29th Tromp appeared at the outer side of the Goodwins. Blake stood down the Channel that night with the advantage of the wind, and when morning dawned the fleets continued side by side on parallel courses, while Blake watched his opportunity to strike. On reaching the "Ness" (Dungeness), the English fleet was compelled to turn seawards, and this move brought on a general action. The principal episode in the fight was the heroic attempt of Captain Batten in the *Garland*, and Captain Axon in the *Bonaventure*, to board and take the *Brederode* herself. They grappled her, and fought with a valour that brooked no denial, but the Dutchmen swarmed to the aid of their leader, and when the *Garland* had lost more than half of her men, and the *Bonaventure* had lost her all, the *Brederode's* assailants surrendered. Not, however, before a most strenuous effort had been made by Blake himself to effect their rescue. The good ship *Resolution*, which carried his flag at the Knock, had apparently been as roughly handled on that occasion as the *James* had been in May. In this battle Blake flew

his flag on board the *Triumph*, and most gallantly he risked the life of this his third ship in the same campaign. His own life he never considered. His efforts brought upon him more enemies than one, and before he extricated himself from the mêlée, the prizes had been made, and in addition three other of his ships had been sunk.

In the letter quoted above Blake hints at a reason for his failure other than disproportion of numbers. He complains of the conduct of certain of his captains in not making sufficient use of their advantage in the wind. "Engage the enemy more closely," he would have signalled, if the art of signalling had advanced beyond its infancy. Perhaps Tromp found it difficult to make the fullest use of his superior numbers; perhaps twenty-five or thirty of his ships were debarred by their leeward position from taking part in the action at all. If this was so, Blake had a reasonable hope of success, and felt genuine guilt at his inability to realize it.

However heavy the casualties among the Dutch, the moral effect of their victory was undeniable. Tromp had forced his way through the Straits, and would do it again. True, the English had frustrated his first attempt in Dover fight, but they had done so with difficulty, and could not hope to repeat the performance. To this period belongs the story, which rests upon insecure foundations, that Tromp hoisted a broom to his mainmast-head as a sign that he swept the sea. The story of the bombastic challenge is sung in a most spirited manner by Mr. Weatherly, whose ballad must not, however, be taken too literally, for though Blake was present in five battles of the First Dutch War it was in the sixth and last, in

which he took no part, that the brave Dutch captain died.

THE ADMIRAL'S BROOM

Van Tromp was an admiral brave and bold;
  The Dutchman's pride was he.
And he cried—"I'll reign on the rolling main,
  As I do on the Zuyder Zee."
And as he paced his quarter-deck,
  And looked o'er the misty tide,
He saw Old England like a speck,
  And he shook his fist and cried:
"I've a broom at the mast," said he,
  "For a broom is the sign for me,
That the world may know, wherever I go,
  I sweep the mighty sea."

Now Blake was an admiral true as gold,
  And he walked by the English sea;
And when he was told of that Dutchman bold,
  A merry laugh laughed he.
And he cried—"Ho! Ho! and away we'll go!
  Come aboard, merry men, with me!
And we'll drive this Dutchman down below—
  To the bottom of his Zuyder Zee.
His broom may be trim and gay,
  But we'll haul it down to-day;
When he says he'll sweep the mighty deep,
  'Tis a game that two can play."

Then he cried—"Come here, you Dutchman queer!
  To-day you must fight with me;
For while I ride the rolling tide,
  I'll be second to none," said he.
So he blazed away at the Dutchman gay,
  Till he made Mynheer to fall;
Then he hoisted a whip to the mast of his ship,
  And he cried to his merry men all:
"I've a whip at the fore," said he,
  "For a whip is the sign for me,
That the world may know, wherever we go,
  We ride and rule the sea."

THE BATTLE OF PORTLAND

OR, THE THREE DAYS' BATTLE

FEBRUARY 18, 19, AND 20, 1653

True to their promise, the Council of State did all in their power to strengthen Blake's hand. To ensure that his next encounter should be crowned with success, they sent him the most reliable champions at their disposal. General Richard Deane was one of Cromwell's men, and had earned the great leader's heartiest praise for his magnificent handling of the right wing at Preston, a battle which frustrated the attempt of the Scotch to rescue Charles I from "durance vile" the year before his death. Deane, though a soldier, was not without experience of the sea, and had been associated with Blake in the campaign against Rupert. He might at the least be trusted to set an example to the craven hearts that hugged the wind too closely off the Ness.

The other new admiral was none other than that famous maker of history, George Monk. Monk occupies among English sea-captains of the seventeenth century a place second only to that of Blake himself. Born in 1608, he had as a young man taken part in the expeditions to Cadiz and Rhé, and had at least learnt how campaigns should not be conducted. When England made peace with Spain, he continued to fight the old enemy in the Low Countries, where he studied war with zeal and thoroughness, and as an exponent of the art won a well-deserved reputation. Returning to England at the outset of the Civil War,

he entered the service of Charles I, but (unfortunately for the King) was early captured by Fairfax at the Battle of Nantwich, and rather than enter the service of those whom he had undertaken to fight, preferred to remain incarcerated in the Tower till the conclusion of the war. Perhaps his noblest quality was his unswerving and rigid honesty. Conscious of great powers, endowed with magnificent courage, he was perfectly content with the satisfaction that comes of hard work well done. He was the most loyal of subordinates, and whether he was serving Charles I, the Council of State, Cromwell, or Charles II, he was ready to accept responsibility, and bring difficult affairs to a brave conclusion, without seeking his own advantage. At the great moment of his life he might have worn the crown, or at least have wielded the baton of the Lord Protector, but "Honest George" loved his country, and knew what she wanted better than she did herself.

When Charles I had "bowed his comely head down as upon a bed," and the troubles were over for a time, Monk considered himself free to serve the Commonwealth. There was a chance of warfare, and he dearly loved a fight. In the Battle of Dunbar he gave such invaluable assistance to Cromwell that many gave him the sole credit for the victory. Cromwell rewarded him by placing in his hands the most difficult task he could find—the pacification of Scotland. Monk succeeded better than his warmest admirers could have expected, and there is little wonder that the Council of State, after reading Blake's letter, singled out Monk as the likeliest man to bring real aid to their captain in distress. Monk was of course a soldier through and through, and however much they

may have admired his glorious courage, and imperturbable tranquillity in the roar of battle, mariners would have liked a little more of the salt sea spray about him, and told many a tale to illustrate his shocking ignorance of the very alphabet of seamanship. To the question, "Starboard or larboard, sir?" he replied, "Ay, board her by all means, board her by all means." At Portland the cannon's opening roar found him miles to leeward, and he spent an unhappy day thirsting for battle. As evening fell the sight of the enemy rejoiced his heart, and in stentorian tones he shouted, "Charge!" On another celebrated occasion, when the appropriate command came to his lips rather more quickly than the correct phraseology, he gave his astonished seamen the order to wheel to the right. Whether these stories be true or not, there is no sort of doubt that General George Monk was a great acquisition to the fleet, and he came in the nick of time, for the wound received by Blake in the Battle of Portland necessitated the appointment of another commander-in-chief for the rest of the war.

Another valuable addition to Blake's fighting men was Lawson, who replaced the military Bourne. His parents were poor and humble folk of Hull, and the future admiral served his apprenticeship to the sea on board a collier. By sheer ability he worked his way up, and lived to receive knighthood from the Merry Monarch at the happy Restoration.*

The fleet provided by the Council of State amounted

* In the Second Dutch War (1665–7) Lawson fought valiantly with the Duke of York, and Rupert, and Montagu, in the Battle of Lowestoft. Towards the close of the engagement he was hit in the knee by a musket-ball. The wound was not a very formidable one, and certain hopes of his recovery were entertained; but mortification suddenly set in, and the brave admiral died, at a moment when so skilful a seaman could ill be spared.

to more than seventy sail. It was divided into three squadrons, according to a method adopted during this war, and retained afterwards. The squadrons were distinguished by the Red, White, and Blue ensigns, which not only gave their names to the three divisions, but also to the admirals, vice-admirals, and rear-admirals who commanded them.*

Among other names the following are memorable :—

Squadron.	Ship.	Guns.	Commander.
Red	*Triumph*	62	Blake and Deane
„	*Fairfax*	64	Lawson
White	*Vanguard*†	56	Monk
„	*Rainbow*†	58	Peacock
Blue	*Speaker*	64	Penn

It was of course well ascertained that Tromp would, in the nature of things, stand through the Straits, in order to provide safe conduct to the home-coming fleet from the Indies. Blake, who had learned from experience, allowed him to pass outward through the Straits in order that he might encumber himself with the merchantmen. Then with his well-equipped and excellently officered fleet he put to sea, and advanced

* When once the "Line Ahead" was definitely accepted as the normal formation, the divisions of the Line found more suitable description as Van, Centre, and Rear; but *flag-rank* retained its significant meaning and appropriate grades until 1864. To-day all admirals hoist the White Ensign. The Red Ensign (formerly indicative of the highest rank) is now the flag of the merchant service, and the Blue Ensign the flag of the Royal Naval Reserve. The term "Admiral" is more usually applied during the Dutch Wars to the ships which carried the "Generals-at-Sea." It is well to understand this, otherwise such a phrase as the "vice-admiral was sorely raked, and afterward burnt" may chill the heart with a needless horror.

† There was a *Vanguard* in the fleet that fought the Armada. She was the flagship of Sir William Winter, who was second in command to Lord Henry Seymour in the Downs. By an odd coincidence Lord Henry's ship on the same occasion was the *Rainbow*. The most famous *Vanguard*, of course, was the vessel which carried Nelson's flag at the Battle of the Nile.

as far westward as Portland. There was of course a disadvantage in this position because the Channel at Portland is more than twice the width of the Straits of Dover. At the same time it is probable that Blake recalled how his victory at the Knock had been cut short by the approach of night, and persuaded himself that a battle begun at Portland could be continued from day to day. If this was his reasoning, it was justified by the event, for the battle was continued

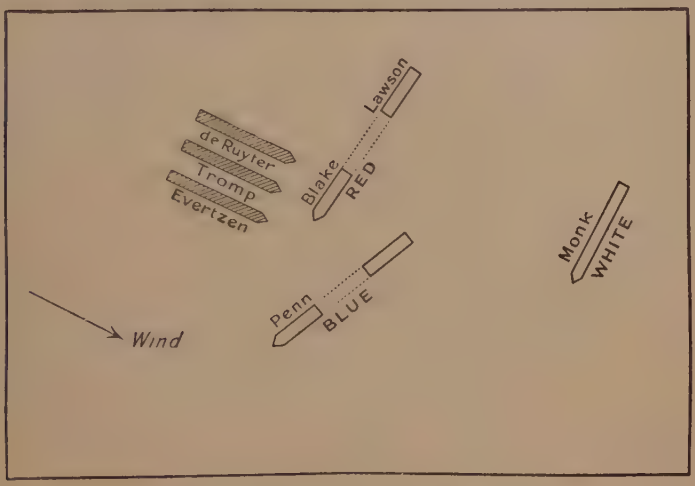
THE ENGLISH CHANNEL
From the Casquets to Cape Gris Nez

on the second day in the neighbourhood of the Isle of Wight, and on the third off Beachy Head.

To minimize the possibility of missing his foe, Blake and his attendant squadrons stretched backwards and forwards between Portland and the Casquets. The manœuvre was not unattended by difficulty, and the difficulty was increased two days before the battle by a thick fog which doubtless threw the fleet into some confusion. Consequently when Tromp appeared on Friday, February 18th, 1653, with ninety ships

and a brave breeze behind him, he caught the English at a disadvantage. Not only were the Blue and White squadrons to leeward of the Red, but the Red and Blue were themselves cut up into detached fragments, as represented in the accompanying diagram.

Tromp was quick to see the disadvantage of his foe, and threw the whole of his force upon the exposed



THE BATTLE OF PORTLAND
February 18, 1653
[The figures represent groups of ships, not single vessels]

and leading half of the Red squadron. It was of course open to Blake to run to leeward and re-form, but to believe him even for a minute capable of such an action is to misjudge him altogether. With but twelve ships he accepted battle with ninety, and laid himself alongside of the *Brederode*. His consorts backed him nobly, but the fight began at eight in the morning, and it was nearly midday before assistance

KING ALFRED'S COLLEGE
LIBRARY

came. When assistance did come the flag was still flying; but Blake's Flag-Captain, Andrew Ball, had breathed his last, his company were decimated, and Blake himself had received a wound in the thigh caused by an iron splinter. The wonder is that Blake should so far have escaped wounds, considering the way he exposed himself in one battle after another. The hurt was not mortal, nor was it really serious, but the patient caught cold when he went ashore. The cold induced more serious complications, and there is good reason to suppose that Blake was never afterwards free from evil effects, which probably hastened his end.

It is not to be expected that the van of the Red squadron should escape punishment with such ocean paladins as Tromp and De Ruyter hammering them unmercifully. De Ruyter, always to the fore, captured the *Prosperous*, but not till her captain (Captain J. Barker) had died in her defence: three other ships—the *Assistance*, *Oak*, and *Advice*—were captured also, while the *Samson* fought the Philistines till not a stick was standing. None the less Blake's tactics saved the situation even though the subsequent laurels were to adorn the brows of others than himself. Once more he had given an example of that proud unbending courage so dear to British hearts; and his well-timed temerity challenges a comparison with that of Nelson at the Battle of St. Vincent. He had given the "seamen" the chance of distinction, and excellently did Penn and Lawson shew their quality. When reinforcements, so long expected by the devoted twelve, appeared at last upon the scene, they appeared to windward of the enemy. The delay had given "Honest George" also a chance; and somewhat later in the day than Penn he too came into action to leeward, and so

put the enemy between two fires. At once the situation was changed. All the ships that had been taken were rescued; and as night fell, Tromp must have felt very sorry that it was any part of his task to look after a flock of helpless merchantmen. Again it is to be regretted that there were not those two more hours of daylight, whose absence Blake lamented at the Knock.

Before the second day's battle began the rescued ships were sent into port, the vacancies in Blake's own division were made up by the distribution of their crews, and the *Samson* (the only ship lost on the English side) shewing a disinclination to float was sunk to avoid capture. What could be done was done for the *Triumph*, but her injuries were extensive, and her part during the remainder of the fight can only have been that of a spectator. When day dawned it was seen that Tromp had run before the wind to eastward of the English, and had drawn up his fighting ships in crescent formation for the protection of his merchantmen. The English were now united, and had the advantage of the weather-gauge, but the wind was too light for any large measure of success. Lawson especially distinguished himself. Breaking through the half-moon phalanx, he captured three men-of-war (one a monster *Ostrich*, of 1300 tons) and a dozen merchantmen. Among the Dutch the gallantry of De Ruyter is particularly mentioned. All day he fought like a lion, but towards evening his ship was so damaged that she had to be taken in tow. The battle was evidently inclining in a very definite manner towards the English.

On Sunday, February 20th, the wind freshened, and the fighting grew faster. With a squadron of

frigates Penn now found his way among the poor merchantmen, and captured two score. Numerous captures also were made among the battleships, and it soon became obvious that there was no more fight left in the Dutch. Already twenty of their ships had left the battle, and made what speed they could to escape. Tromp made the best use of the flatness of his ships by approaching nearer to the French shores than the English dared to follow. If the victory were to be a crowning mercy for Blake, it was necessary that the English fleet should head off the foe before they weathered Cape Gris Nez; but this had not been done when Sunday night fell, and in the darkness which followed, Tromp by very skilful handling carried the rest of the fleet into safety.

Blake deserved a larger measure of success, but the capture of seventeen men-of-war, and between fifty and sixty merchantmen — not to mention 1500 prisoners—compares very favourably with the rather barren results of previous battles. At least, there was no sort of doubt that the English had won.

Shortly after the Battle of Portland a change took place in the government, which had an important bearing on the war. "In the month of April," writes Clarendon in his History, "Cromwell came into the House of Parliament, in a morning when it was sitting, attended with the officers who were likewise members of the House, and told them that he came thither to put an end to their power and authority, which they had managed so ill that the nation could be no otherwise preserved than by their dissolution, which he advised them, without farther debate, quietly to submit unto. And thereupon another officer, with some files of

musketeers, entered into the House, and stayed there till all members walked out; Cromwell reproaching many of the members by name, as they went out of the House, with their vices and corruptions . . . and having given the mace to an officer to be safely kept, he caused the doors to be locked up." The Parliament which Cromwell thus unceremoniously turned into the street * was the same Long Parliament which had been summoned thirteen years before; or rather, all that was left of it, for in 1648 Colonel Pride had purged it of all Royalists, and when Cromwell ordered the bauble to be removed there were only about fifty members left. On the other hand the Council of State to whom Blake had written after the Battle of the Ness, and which corresponded to what we should to-day call the Cabinet, numbered no less than forty-one members.

The main principle by which this country is governed, and by which every well-regulated country must be governed, is the existence side by side of two forces. One does the work, the other pays the piper and consequently calls the tune. In early days the worker was the King, and many kings did exactly what their people wanted and the people were glad to pay. Some kings, however, went contrary to the will of the people, and the people refused to disburse. By degrees the critical providers of funds became the Parliament, while the King was glad to surrender his onerous duties to a band of able workers who did not mind being criticized. In the time of Charles I these workers were responsible for their actions to the King; to-day they are responsible to the House of Commons. The House of Commons is

* "We did not hear a dog bark at their going," said the Lord General.

elected by, and responsible to the country, and so the will of the nation prevails. During the four short years of the Commonwealth the Cabinet of forty-one, and the House of Commons of fifty, were to all intents and purposes one and the same body. Not only was the will of the country ignored, but when Cromwell swept away the Rump there was no vestige of the administrative machinery left. By destroying everything else Cromwell had accidentally transformed himself into a Dictator of the Roman type. For a short period, which lasted as long as the war, he endeavoured to give his utterly irregular position an air of respectability by assembling a Parliament which takes its name from that well-remembered ornament of the House, Praisegod Barebone. Cromwell took care that the Parliament should be composed of men devoted to his interests, and before the end of the year he was persuaded by this admiration society to become Protector of the Realm, that is to say, Dictator in all but name.

The Dutch War formed no part of Cromwell's policy. He saw no reason at all for its continuance. The English were Protestants, the Dutch also were Protestants. The two countries should be bound to one another by indissoluble bonds, and offer a united front to the countries which still remained Romanist. He had opposed the war at the outset, and since the firing of the first shot had made himself the spokesman of a party in favour of peace.

THE BATTLE OF THE GABBARD

JUNE 2 AND 3, 1653

The English victory at Portland rendered it unsafe for Dutch convoys to pass from the Bay of Biscay to Flushing or Ostend through the Channel and Straits of Dover. For a time merchandise might be sent round the north coast of Scotland, but the length and danger of the route made it impossible as aught but a temporary expedient. The urgent need of uninterrupted commerce presented the Dutch with two alternatives. Either they must throw themselves at the feet of England's new Dictator, and sue for mercy, or refit their fleet, and again appeal to the sword. Though the latter alternative would seem the less likely, there were sound reasons for its adoption. In the recent battle Tromp had been terribly handicapped. At every turn of the fight he had been encumbered by the presence of the merchantmen. He might have abandoned the convoy and won a victory. Instead of doing so he had preserved the greater part at a costly price. Furthermore he was fighting far from his base. No supplies could possibly reach him, while the English could pick up what they wanted as they went along. Again, if the affair off Dover were set aside, there had been so far three battles. In the first Tromp had not been present, in the second he had gained an incontestable victory, in the third he had risked his fleet to preserve the helpless. One other argument was doubtless urged. Blake was wounded. His incapacity was equivalent to a loss of forty ships to the foe.

On the last day of May, Tromp was off the Gabbard * with a fleet of no less than one hundred sail.

Blake's wound was not improved by his annoyance at a helplessness which kept him inactive when his country needed his services. Loyal and loving hands should have forcibly constrained the great leader to rest until the fullness of health returned, but in May he returned to duty, and took command of a fleet of eighteen ships fitting or refitting in the Thames. Supreme command meanwhile devolved upon Deane and Monk, who brought Tromp to action on the 2nd of June with a fleet equal in numbers to his own. Among the English ships were all the three that had carried Blake's flag during the war. The Generals at Sea were together in the *Resolution*, flagship of the Red squadron, Peacock served under them in the *Triumph*, and Penn led the White squadron in the *James*. Lawson was in deserved command of the Blue squadron. As the Dutch fired their first broadside at the *Resolution* Monk and Deane were standing together on the deck. With awful suddenness Deane was hit by a cannon shot, which literally cut the brave commander in two. Had the Dutchmen seen Monk at that moment they would have been ready to admit that Blake was not unworthily represented. Though drenched with the blood of the friend to whom he had been speaking but a minute before, Monk quietly slipped off his cloak, and kneeling covered the poor dead body from his seamen's gaze, that none might fight less manfully or experience the dismay that attends a leader's fall. Then, rising with the same serene calmness that invariably distinguished him, he continued to direct the battle as if nothing unusual had happened.

* For position of the Gabbard see map on p. 145.

Deane was a great loss to the fleet, but his death gave Monk undivided control, and his nautical deficiencies were counterbalanced by a talent for leadership and an invincible self-confidence that inspired success. However little he may have known of the sea, his Portland experiences at least had taught him to appreciate the advantage of the wind, and having the weather-gauge on this occasion he seems to have attacked with a fierceness that compelled Tromp to abandon for the time an action conducted under drawbacks so manifest. Under cover of darkness the Dutch withdrew, but during the night the wind fell, and morning found the fleets still within sight of one another. At midday a breeze sprang up and enabled the English to renew the action. Meanwhile the fight had been drifting southwards,* and the noise of the first day's cannonade was carried to Blake in the Thames. With no thought of himself or his wound, Blake put to sea without delay, and the same breeze that renewed the battle brought him nearer to the scene of the conflict. The westerly wind, and the proximity of their own harbours, proved a sore temptation to many of the Dutch, and Monk pressed home his attack. As afternoon advanced Blake himself appeared, and the retreat became a rout. Tromp, valiant to the last, endeavoured to stay his runagates, but even shots fired from the flagship proved unavailing. He himself fought, if anything, more manfully than ever. At one point in the action his ship lay alongside of the *James*, Penn's flagship, and a fight of giants ensued. Calling for boarders, Tromp actually reached his adversary's deck, but the Englishmen fought with the fever of desperation, and the invaders were repulsed.

* The battle is sometimes called the Battle of the North Foreland

Not content, Penn's crew carried the war over the *Brederode's* sides. For one brief moment they tasted the full cup of glory. The capture of the *Brederode* would bring the war to an instant close. They were already in possession of the upper deck. Tromp was below. If he couldn't save his ship, at least the English should not have her. He determined to blow the ship to pieces, and die the death of a Viking. The explosion that followed destroyed the upper deck, and frustrated the hopes of the English. The *Brederode* was saved, and by a miracle Tromp himself escaped. His face was badly burnt, but that was all. If the English could defeat such a hero as Tromp, they deserved to rule the sea.

When Monk realized that the enemy were on the run, he let loose his frigates and gleaned a rich harvest of disabled vessels. Between twenty and thirty warships were taken, and nearly fifteen hundred prisoners. Monk might well feel proud of the first sea-fight in which he held command. The battle went a long way to decide the struggle. In fact, the Dutch immediately sent ambassadors to treat for peace. De With openly proclaimed that the English were masters of the sea, and De Ruyter refused to fight again until the fleet was reorganized.

Cromwell was almost as eager to bring the war to a close as the Dutch themselves, but not until they acknowledged the hopelessness of their position, and prostrated themselves with becoming humility. Cromwell was not one who allowed British blood to be shed fruitlessly. Among other concessions the Dutch would of course surrender their pretensions to be considered a separate nationality! The Dutch would do nothing of the sort, and expressed their readiness to drain their

life-blood to the last drop sooner than surrender the priceless possession which had cost them eighty years of incessant warfare with all the might of the world-wide Spanish Empire. On his side, Cromwell, whose position had not yet received the semi-popular assent which converted his unauthorized Dictatorship into an authorized Protectorate, found himself unable to diminish any of the demands put forward by the Council of State. Negotiations for peace thus came to an untimely end.

The Battle of the Gabbard concluded Blake's share in the first Dutch War. The stress of conflict had aroused all the wickedness of his wound, and, more dead than alive, he was landed at Solebay and carried home to Bridgwater. The quiet home life soon had the desired effect, and by the end of the year he was on the high road to recovery. He had forged the weapon wherewith England could defeat the Dutch, and he had found a worthy hand to wield it in his absence.

THE LAST BATTLE

July 31, 1653

The English fleets did not return to port after the Battle of the Gabbard. They received supplies from Harwich and Yarmouth, and, urged by the Dictator, undertook the blockade of the Dutch ports. The task proved formidable, for in addition to the fleet which Tromp was refitting at Flushing, De With had a secondary squadron of twenty-five in preparation at the Texel. Monk, with his coadjutors Lawson and Penn, resolved that at least the two fleets should not be allowed to unite. With this end in view they kept guard off the Texel, ready to pounce upon the smaller force if it

ventured out to sea. In this position of affairs, Tromp, taking advantage of a favouring gale, crept northwards till he fell in with Monk. Declining a general engagement, he lured his impetuous enemy southwards, keeping his attention fixed by a half-hearted rearward action. This continued till nightfall. In the ensuing darkness Tromp doubled back northwards; united his fleet with that of De With, who had made good use of his opportunities; with one hundred and thirty ships stood out to sea; and gained the advantage of the wind.

The battle that followed took place off Scheveningen.* It was short, bloody, and decisive. De Ruyter had said that a continuation of the struggle was madness until time allowed a reorganization of the fleet; De With had said that failure was inevitable unless the craven hearts were strung upon the gallows. While others gave open expression to the truth, Tromp had silently fitted out his fleet. Now by his masterly tactics he had given to his ships every advantage in his power. They had the wind: they had superiority of numbers. The ninety ships of the enemy had been two months at sea; they lay in dangerous proximity to a lee shore, and the sharpness of their keels made sea-room imperative. Had every Dutch ship been commanded by a Tromp the Battle of Scheveningen might have ended differently. Mercifully for the great Dutch captain he did not live to see the final disaster. Early in the day a bullet from a musketeer on board the *Tulip* brought him the death in action he desired. There is something singularly pathetic in his end. He had fought so heroically all through the war, and received such meagre thanks. He deserved enthrone-

* See map on p. 145.

ment in his country's heart, and received some admiration from her enemies. Succeeding ages have recognized how much was due to him, not alone from those for whom he fought and gave his life, but from those also who were not too proud to learn lessons from the Father of Naval Tactics. England has had a long sea story, but never from start to finish has she met a nobler adversary than Tromp, nor one more worthy of her genius. It has been said of Washington that he was in one respect unfortunate. The leaders sent against him were so incapable that he had no opportunity of winning distinction in the lists. Blake and Monk were more fortunate, and Tromp's undying fame invests them with a prouder title than the mere enumeration of their deeds.

Realizing the peril of his position, Monk did not wait for Tromp's onslaught, but stood to meet him, and the Dutch were obliged to exercise their sea skill to the uttermost in order to retain the wind. Their position gave them an opportunity of using fire-ships, or branders (as they were then called), and these infernal machines in one case threatened a catastrophe. The *Triumph*, Blake's flagship at the Ness and at Portland, was in dire peril and, while struggling to free herself from no less than two incendiaries, was straightway attacked by others. In the hour of supreme danger Admiral Peacock proved himself fully alive to what his ship expected of him. With his own hands among the flames he disengaged his vessel from the fire-ships, and put panic to the blush by his self-possessed assurance. Blake's flagship was saved, but the gallant admiral succumbed to his injuries.

The mortality in Monk's fleet was terrible, but not unexpected. The casualties included eight captains

killed and as many wounded. The Dutch suffered five times the total of the English loss,* for in one respect Monk's inferior position seems to have proved a real advantage. Among the gallant disciples of Blake, courage and endurance rose to a higher point in the hour of distress: but among Dutch captains those of the type that at the Gabbard drew on themselves the fire of Tromp as well as Monk, found out too late that the only way home lay through the English ships that maintained their position to leeward. Before the battle began Monk had issued an order that no prizes were to be taken. Some say that he coupled with this an injunction to refuse quarter, but this must be interpreted as applicable only to ships. The battle was to be a battle to a finish. One ship disabled left many afloat: time spent in securing captures allowed many to escape. It is tolerably certain that few Dutch ships can have reached home without grave injury, and thirty never reached home at all.†

The Dutch were quick to realize the extent of the catastrophe. The capacity of the English, in the absence of Blake, to seize a victory when every advantage save sheer fighting quality was with their foes, would have convinced every Dutchman, with the possible exception of Tromp, and Tromp was dead. Peace negotiations were reopened. The moment was not propitious. Cromwell's attention was already engaged. The Little Parliament was assembling, Praisegod Barebone and other "saints" less pious and more worthy. In December, however, Cromwell became Protector, and at the beginning of 1654 terms were

* The English had 400 killed and 800 wounded. The Dutch lost 5000 killed and wounded, and 1000 prisoners.

† The English lost two ships.

agreed to. His Highness very wisely condescended to withdraw the demand for a union of England and Holland. All the other claims were conceded. The Dutch acknowledged the right of England to the Sovereignty of the Seas. They agreed to pass through the Straits of Dover by kind permission only. They acquiesced in the English enjoyment of equal trade privileges in the East Indies. They promised to exclude from their country all members of the royal families of Stuart and Nassau. They consented to the payment of a war indemnity amounting to little short of one million pounds; and last, but not least, frankly admitted the iniquity of the Amboyna massacre, and delivered an extra quarter of a million as a tardy compensation for the crime.

At the conclusion of the war Blake and Monk *

* After Scheveningen, Monk's presence in Scotland was so urgently required that he was prevented from taking any further part in Blake's adventures. Monk's second administration completed the work which he had already begun before the Battle of Portland. He succeeded in pacifying the whole country, including the Highlands, and won a well-deserved popularity. When the Protector died, Monk was a power to be reckoned with, and in a short time found himself in a position as strong as Cromwell's when he dismissed the Rump. "Honest George," however, put himself in the background, and restored the monarchy in the person of Charles II. Charles always looked up to him with reverent awe; always felt for him a real affection; always called on him for assistance in time of trouble; always, in fact, regarded him, if not as a father, at least as a foster-father, and for long could not rid himself of the nervousness that comes over a son who usurps his father's place. To reward the good old soldier for all his yeoman service the King created him Baron Monk, Earl of Torrington, and Duke of Albemarle; conferred on him the order of the Garter; made him a gentleman of the Bedchamber; called him to be a member of the Privy Council; and appointed him Captain General of the Forces. For the first ten years of Charles's reign "Honest George" was as busy as ever. Every one trusted him, every one called for Albemarle. The British Navy has generally included a vessel which commemorates this his proudest title; but Monk was a plebeian, and Monk he will ever remain in the recollection of his countrymen. London was stricken by the Plague. Monk must be Governor of

received golden chains costing £300 apiece. They were also presented with elegantly chased gold medallions, one of which may still be seen at Wadham College, Oxford. Penn and Lawson received chains valued at £100 apiece.

London, and drive the Plague away. He couldn't drive the Plague away, but he sat in the midst of it calm and collected, chewing his quid of tobacco with the same placidity that distinguished him in the heat of battle. Then came the Second Dutch War. The Duke of York (afterwards James II) was put in command. In the first battle off Lowestoft, when Lawson met his death, a victory was gained, but no attempt was made to follow up the advantage. It was therefore thought unseemly that the heir-presumptive to the crown should risk his life in battle any further. Albemarle! "Honest George" found himself upon the sea again. Prince Rupert served under him. Before the two detachments had time to unite, De Ruyter caught the old warrior at a disadvantage, outnumbered him, and defeated him. The battle lasted four days. The sailors called it "The Four Days' Bloody Blunder." The blunder was not Monk's. He had shewn all his old doggedness and bravery, and panted to wipe out the disgrace. The Battle of St. James's Day, though not so decisive as Scheveningen, shewed the old superiority of the English. But now London was in flames, and Monk must return to put out the flames, and restore confidence. In vain he clamoured for a vigorous prosecution of the war. It was not to be. Funds were hard to find. Charles felt certain that the Dutch had learned a lesson from old George. Commerce-destroying would be sufficient to bring them to their knees. He resorted to tactics similar to those of Louis XIV in the days of Duguay Trouin and Jean Bart. The ships were laid up, and in the midst of preparations to defend the Thames, De Ruyter appeared in the river. Monk was sent to Chatham. He did all he could, but the Dutch destroyed the shipping, and burnt or sank no less than seven battleships. One of the most heroic of Monk's noble deeds, certainly the most pathetic, was his endeavour in this hour of national disgrace to get aboard the *Royal Charles*, which had borne his flag in the Four Days' Battle, and die with honour in the ship he loved. Happily for the country he was not able to effect his design. He saved the dockyard, rescued two-thirds of the fleet, set the army in array, and so completed his last service for a King who appreciated but hardly deserved so loyal a friend. It is strange to think of him in that degenerate court, a British oak among parasitic orchids.

> "He only in a general honest thought,
> And common good to all, made one of them.
> His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him that Nature might stand up,
> And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

THE MEDITERRANEAN

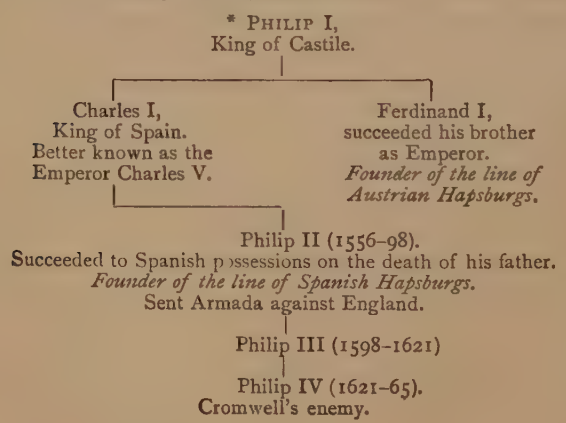
SEPTEMBER, 1654, TO NOVEMBER, 1655

Cromwell was installed as Lord Protector on Friday, December 16th, 1653. Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881), the famous historian and devoted admirer of the Greatest Puritan, pictures him on that occasion: "'His Highness was in a rich but plain suit; black velvet, with cloak of the same: about his hat a broad band of gold.' Does the reader see him? A rather likely figure, I think. Stands some five feet ten or more; a man of strong solid stature, and dignified, now partly military carriage: the expression of him valour and devout intelligence,—energy and delicacy on a basis of simplicity. Fifty-four years old, gone April last; ruddy-fair complexion, bronzed by toil and age; light brown hair and moustache are getting streaked with gray. A figure of sufficient impressiveness;—not lovely to the manmilliner species, nor pretending to be so. Massive stature; big massive head, of somewhat leonine aspect, 'evident workshop and storehouse of a vast treasury of natural parts.' Wart above the right eyebrow; nose of considerable blunt-aquiline proportions; strict yet copious lips, full of all tremulous sensibilities, and also, if need were, of all fiercenesses and rigours; deep loving eyes, call them grave, call them stern, looking from under those craggy brows, as if in lifelong sorrow, and yet not thinking it sorrow, thinking it only labour and endeavour:—on the whole, a right noble lion-face and hero-face; and to me royal enough."

Whether apparelled as a monarch or clad in his sombre suit and grey worsted stockings, Cromwell

found himself confronted with the same difficulties which trouble the head that wears a crown. It was one thing to be a Protector, it was quite another thing to be a popular Protector. The victor of Marston Moor, Naseby, and Worcester had inaugurated his rule by an act of peace, but peace as an end in itself was far from his heart. Napoleon had no thoughts of peace when he overthrew the martial Directory; and when Cromwell delivered the state from the thraldom of Sir Harry Vane, he concluded peace with the Dutch only to set free his armaments for employment more congenial to himself. Enthusiasm for military rule is apt to wane unless it receives fresh stimulus from the exhilarating tonic of heroic deeds, and Cromwell was no slower than others to appreciate the fact.

The situation in Europe in the first year of the Protectorate was confusing. The Thirty Years' War concluded just before Charles I's execution, though primarily a German war of religion, had involved in its toils both the great Powers of western Europe. Philip III,* King of Spain, bound to the house of



Austria by ties not only of religion, but of kinship, sent armies to the assistance of his cousin the Emperor. On the other hand, Richelieu, the great French minister, realizing that the predominance of the house of Hapsburg offered the only obstacle to the progress of France, joined forces with foreign Protestants (Cardinal though he was) in order to compass the downfall of the hated dynasty. France and Spain thus found themselves on opposite sides, and so absorbing was the struggle that when other countries made peace at Westphalia, the Franco-Spanish war continued. Had the direction of events still been in the hands of Richelieu France might have followed up the Battle of Rocroy with a victory which would have demolished the military power of Spain as completely as the Armada crippled her fleet; but the great Cardinal died in 1642 and the direction of French policy fell into the hands of the Italian, Mazarin, who debased a very real devotion to Richelieu's ideals by vices as numerous as they were unpopular. His foreign manners and appalling greed raised against him all who were unable to tolerate these blemishes, and a civil war called the "Fronde" kept France in a turmoil from the conclusion of the Thirty Years' War to the conclusion of England's war with the Dutch. When Mazarin, triumphing over his enemies at home, was once more enabled to resume the war, he found himself handicapped by a demoralized army and a depleted exchequer. Spain, inferior to France in 1648, was in 1653 her equal. It was this war between equals, this evenly balanced contest, that presented the principal feature in European politics to the somewhat bewildered gaze of the Protector, as for the first time he grasped the sceptre firmly in his hand.

In his Ironsides Cromwell possessed an army which even Turenne was fain to acknowledge the finest in the world; in his fleet the Protector had a force which had justified England's claim to the sovereignty of the seas. It was an easy matter to pick a quarrel either with France or with Spain. James I's precipitate peace with Spain had left relations in the West Indies in a most unsatisfactory condition, while French sympathy with the exiled house of Stuart was, if less annoying, more humiliating. But Cromwell did not desire to pick a quarrel. He desired to place himself at the head of Protestant Europe against the Triple Tyrant of the Seven Hills; and if that were impossible, to put his magnificent army and fleet at the disposal of those who proffered the most generous concessions. He did not of course wait until concessions were offered. He stated bluntly what he wanted. From Spain he demanded freedom of trade in the West Indies, and immunity for English traders from the Spanish Inquisition. "My Master," * said the Spanish Ambassador in reply, "has two eyes, and you ask for them both." Oliver asked Mazarin to abandon the Stuart cause, and aid him in the capture of Dunkirk. Dunkirk belonged to the Spaniards, and it might be thought that Mazarin would not object to Oliver's annexation of his enemy's possession, but Mazarin had no mind to see the English firmly established so near to his own borders. Negotiations were somewhat lacking in the briskness which the Ironside general expected. Both powers would have welcomed

* The King of Spain at this time was Philip IV, grandson of "Armada" Philip. An excellent impression of his eyes may be obtained from a visit to the National Gallery, where two portraits of the monarch from the master hand of Velazquez adorn a room devoted to Spanish art.

his alliance free from encumbrances, both powers preferred to use diplomacy, that subtle slayer of time, rather than make the concessions he required. To keep the Protector from interfering was perhaps less effective than his active friendship, but it was certainly far more economical. Now Cromwell was a man of action. It angered him to see the Rump wasting time in idle prating, so he turned it into the street. It angered him to listen to ambassadorial wiles, and he resolved upon a course of action not unlike the summary treatment meted out to the Rump. The Spaniards would perhaps listen to reason if San Domingo, the pride of the Indies, were held up to ransom as it had been in the days of Drake; and catlike Mazarin might prove a little less elusive if his Mediterranean schemes were rudely frustrated. A new type of diplomacy certainly: almost as novel as the Dissolution of Parliament on April 20th, 1653. By the autumn of 1654, plans were matured. Blake was chosen for the Mediterranean command, and Penn for the raid on the Indies.

Blake's cruise proved eventful. It was doubtless suggested in the first instance by the rather unoriginal "Western Design." Since the days when Drake worked his will at Nombre de Dios and San Domingo English trade had increased in a remarkable manner with the coast of the Levant. A revival of his tactics might indeed prove efficacious in bringing Spain to her senses, but it imperilled the English trade routes in the Mediterranean, which (if left unguarded) provided Spain with a very convenient weapon of retaliation.

The Mediterranean is divided by the island of Sicily into two very distinct basins, an eastern and a

western. In 1654 this natural division coincided with the political, for the eastern basin was in that year commanded by the Turks, and the western to all intents and purposes belonged to Spain. France, it is true, possessed in Toulon an outlet on the north,

THE WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN IN 1654

and the Barbary States of Morocco, Tunis, and Algiers extended along the southern shore: but Philip IV not only had the Peninsula of Spain, the Balearic Isles, Sicily, and Sardinia, but the possession of Naples and Milan gave him a preponderating influence in Italy, and the once powerful republic of Genoa, with

her valuable isle of Corsica, admitted its indebtedness to a Spanish protectorate. Here then was good reason for sending a subsidiary fleet to the Mediterranean some time before the West Indian squadron reached its destination. The resolution to do so was reached at the very moment when Mazarin determined to attack his adversary in flank by an expedition to Naples, or, as it might more properly be called, Neapolitan Spain. The frustration of Mazarin's scheme gave a new importance to the English cruise, and the expedition when ready for sea numbered no less than twenty-four ships, and took precedence of the "Western Design."

Blake hoisted his flag in the *George*. The ship was originally named after England's Patron Saint, but as a concession to the Puritans the Dragon-slayer had been uncanonized. Second in command was Badiley, who had already seen considerable service in the Mediterranean, while in Richard Stayner, commander of the *Plymouth*, the fleet possessed an officer in whom Blake learned to repose implicit confidence. Blake left England on September 29th, 1654, and before the end of the year arrived at Naples. Here he was hailed as a deliverer, but the French had retreated at the news of his approach, and there was no chance of a pitched battle. Doubtless the expedition would have impressed itself more vividly upon the memory of patriots, if the admiral had caught the Duke of Guise in the Bay of Naples and forced him to give battle; but war with France in the Mediterranean, the peculiar product of the eighteenth century, was for the time at least postponed. It is worthy of remark that, as the Spaniards in Naples called down blessings upon the head of England's admiral, Blake's

brother-in-arms was on the point of setting forth to harry their fellow-countrymen in the West Indies.

Blake had no mind for a fruitless cruise that added nothing to his country's advantage or his own reputation. He sought for an opportunity to unfurl his flag to some purpose, and Cromwell's instructions with regard to the protection of British commerce, though aimed in a negative way against a possible outburst of Spanish privateering, gradually assumed a positive resolution in Blake's mind as he learnt from first-hand evidence of the outrageous iniquities of the Barbary Corsairs.

The states of Barbary * take their name from the principal tribe of Northern Africa, the Berbers. In the olden days they formed the greater part of the Phœnician Empire, which disputed with Rome the supremacy of the Western Mediterranean. On the downfall of Carthage they were absorbed in Rome's universal dominion. In the seventh century the last remnant of Roman rule was swept away by the Arabs, who carried their victorious banners from Mecca to the Pillars of Hercules, and taught the oft-conquered Berbers a new language and a new religion, which they retain to this day. In the sixteenth century the Turks conquered Tripoli, Tunis, and Algiers, but in the period of decay which followed the Battle of Lepanto, the three Turkish pashas or viceroys threw off their allegiance, and established a nominal independence.

The Turk has won undying fame as a soldier, and undying infamy as a ruler, and the multiplication of states under Turkish princes augured ill for the peace of the Mediterranean coasts. The Deys of Barbary found great difficulty in raising funds to conduct their

* Known to-day as Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli.

administration. In this they would doubtless command the sympathy of rulers all the world over. One illicit source of revenue lay ever at hand. In yearly increasing numbers the Christian merchantmen ploughed their way from the Levant to the Atlantic. For two-thirds of the way the rich argosies lay at the mercy of the impecunious pashas. The temptation was alluring and proved irresistible. English merchant ships were often enough the sufferers, but not, of course, by any means the only victims. One crime led to another, and when it was found that not the least profitable part of a captured vessel resided in the persons of its luckless crew, the unscrupulous Turks indulged in slave raids when the merchantmen grew wary and when piracy grew slack. "That it may please thee to shew thy pity upon all prisoners and captives we beseech thee to hear us," wrote the authors of the English Litany in 1544, and not without reason. On one occasion the corsairs made a descent upon Baltimore, in the south of Ireland, and carried off the population into captivity. If such incursions were infrequent, British immunity was due not to any want of daring and insolence on the part of the rovers, but to the needlessness of searching so far afield for a commodity that might always be found upon the coasts of Spain and Italy. Theoretically the pirates ought not to have been able to hold up their heads at all after the victory of Lepanto had given Spain the command of the Western Mediterranean, but Lepanto had been closely followed by the Armada, and during the decadence of Spanish naval power the Barbary states had substituted sailing-vessels for their time-honoured galleys, and infused new life into their piratical enterprises.

Of the four states, Tunis had always been the most important. The town of Tunis inherited the fame with which tradition invests an historic site. Not far from the walls lay the ruins of Carthage, and north of Carthage those of Utica, where the supporters of Pompey made their last stand against the victorious arms of Cæsar. Here, during the days of Imperial Rome, there had grown up a great Christian community second only to that of Alexandria itself. In Arab times Tunis had witnessed the opening scenes of the Last Crusade, when Louis IX, the saintly King of France, attempted to cripple the power of the Saracen by the capture of his western outpost.

The town of Tunis is practically impregnable from the sea, for it lies at the far end of a shallow lagoon called El Bahira. In Blake's day the port of Tunis was Goletta, eleven miles from the capital; but since the French occupation of the country in 1881 a ship canal has been constructed across the lagoon and Goletta has lost some part of its importance. For a naval base the ruler of Tunis must seek elsewhere. The French have fortified Bizerta as a rival to Valetta and Gibraltar, and the Dey of Tunis "whose barbarous provocations did so work upon Blake's spirits" preferred the land-locked waters of Porto Farina, which he protected by a strong castle and armed moles. On hearing of Blake's proximity, he ordered his fleet of nine warships to withdraw into Porto Farina, and take refuge under the guns of the fortifications. A formidable array of musketeers stationed upon the shore reduced to a minimum the probability that any Christian dog, however mad, would attempt to force an entrance. Having thus secured his fleet, the Dey prepared to talk with Blake about concessions

and kindred topics till doomsday. His fleet was safe, and his capital invulnerable. Blake arrived off Goletta and preferred his claims, which included, of course, immunity for Englishmen from slave raids, and from piracy upon the high seas. The Dey might have remarked, "I have only two eyes, and you ask for them both"; but he didn't even condescend to be facetious. He was as rude as a bear. "We found him," wrote Blake irascibly to the Protector, "wilful

MAP TO ILLUSTRATE BLAKE'S OPERATIONS AGAINST THE DEY OF TUNIS

and untractable . . . adding to his obstinacy much insolence and contumely, denying us all commerce of civility." Obviously there was little to be gained by a blockade of Goletta. Now came one of those master strokes which the world was learning to expect from the Protector and his servants. Blake ran over to Porto Farina, and leaving there a blockading squadron, he sailed away for Trapani, a port belonging to his very good friend the King of Spain. His object was a double one. Not only would he reprovision his

ships, but his departure would lull the witless pirates into a feeling of false security. In a short time he was back again, and ready to enter the harbour in calm defiance of fleet, castles, moles, batteries, musketeers, and aught else. "The Lord was pleased to favour us with a gentle gale off the sea." The favourable gale not only escorted the fleet into the harbour, but "cast all the smoke upon the Tunisians and made our work the more easy." Under cover of this convenient cloak of invisibility firing-parties put off in boats under the command of Blake's Flag-Captain, Stokes, at whose approach many Tunisian sailors cast themselves into the sea and swam ashore. One by one the boarding-parties did their work, not without casualties,* and nine flaming bonfires told the world how England intended henceforth to deal with those who interrupted her commerce in time of peace. All attempts from the shore to save the ships were unavailing, and after some hours' hot work the fire of the land batteries died down, and Porto Farina subsided into silence. "It is also remarkable that after getting forth, the wind and weather changed, and continued very strong for many days, so that we could not have effected the business had not the Lord afforded that nick of time in which it was done."

The ignominious destruction of the Tunisian Navy on the 4th April, 1655, had an effect upon the times of Mazarin and Philip IV similar to that of Copenhagen upon the times of Napoleon. Whether the Dey of Tunis, realizing that Blake had done him all the injury possible, postponed his submission, mattered little more than the fact that the rulers of Algiers and Tripoli laid their submission at his feet lest a worse

* Twenty-five killed, forty wounded.

thing should befall them. The battle taught a wholesome moral lesson to the world. Clarendon says of it: "This was indeed an action of the highest conduct and courage, and made the name of the English very terrible and formidable in those seas." Blake himself "did for a while much hesitate and was balanced in his thoughts," because his high-handed action might bring upon the Levantine traders all the wrath of the Sultan himself. "I hope," he wrote to Mr. Secretary Thurloe, "his Highness will not be offended at it, seeing that God hath pleased so signally to justify us herein." His Highness was not offended; far from it. "As we have great cause to acknowledge the good hand of God towards us in this action, who was pleased to appear very signally with you; so I think myself obliged to take notice of your courage and good conduct therein; and do esteem that you have done therein a very considerable service to this Commonwealth. I rest, your loving friend, Oliver P." Considerable service indeed. There had been English commanders in the Mediterranean before; indeed Blake had upon an emergency himself appeared there: but there was something very different in this expedition from all that preceded it. There were monasteries before the time of Benedict, and yet Benedict did so much for monasticism that it is almost impossible now to rob him of founder's fame. Blake's cruise did so much for English prestige in the Mediterranean that he deserves to be regarded as the creator of British influence within the Straits.

This estimate of his service is attested by the stories that grew up around the cruise. Thus ran the legends. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, appalled at Blake's threat to blow Leghorn into the sea, acceded to the

Admiral's demands with an eager alacrity that be-'rayed his trepidation and suited but ill with his Grand Ducal dignity. When Blake arrived at Civita Vecchia, the Pope, shivering with anxiety, trembling for the safety of his triple crown, momentarily expecting the Englishman's guns to play upon the Vatican itself, sent in hot haste whole wagonfuls of gold, with a profusion of fulsome compliments, to appease the great sea-captain's indignation. On the way home a stay at Malaga involved certain of the seamen in difficulties. In madcap mood they jeered and jested at a religious procession. The townsmen very rightly resented their ill manners, but matters did not stop here. Urged on by a friar, the mob took the law into its own hands and belaboured the visitors. Crestfallen and roughly handled, the mariners returned to duty. Blake's anger was roused. He demanded the person of the ringleader, and found the threat of bombardment as efficacious here as at Leghorn. The friar was given up, and was brought before Blake. The Admiral lectured him soundly, instructed him carefully in the rudiments of good manners, and, dismissing him, pronounced the striking prophecy that the name of England should inspire upon the coast of the Great Sea as much respect as did the name of Imperial Rome herself. With such stories Blake's countrymen endeavoured to explain to one another why the foreigner thought so highly of Blake's enterprise.

A true narrative of the expedition needs no such bolstering to-day. Succeeding generations have laughed at the stories, and in their turn have substituted a truer form of veneration by their unremitting endeavours to follow Blake's example, and assimilate

the teaching of his momentous cruise. They have learnt that the Mediterranean is the heart of the ocean world; that England must enforce respect for her flag in the Mother of Seas with as brave an insistence as in the Channel. They have learnt that the true function of the British Navy in time of peace is to safeguard all those who traverse the ocean ways upon their lawful occasions. They have learnt that the British Navy can exact the same tribute of respect paid to Imperial Rome, unaided by the legions of Cæsar, unaided even by such an army as Howard and Essex took to Cadiz, or Drake considered necessary for the reduction of San Domingo. All this and more they have learnt from Robert Blake, first Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean.

SANTA CRUZ

April 20, 1657

The whole action was so miraculous, that all men who knew the place concluded that no sober men, with what courage soever endued, would ever undertake it; and they could hardly persuade themselves to believe what they had done; whilst the Spaniards comforted themselves with the belief that they were devils and not men, which had destroyed them in such a manner. So much a strong resolution of bold and courageous men can bring to pass, that no resistance and advantage of ground can disappoint them.

Lord Clarendon.

Blake returned to England in October, 1655, and paid his last visit to Bridgwater. His visit was doomed to be short, for the Protector had a last task for him, one that was to set the crown upon his work. It will be remembered that Blake sailed for his Mediterranean cruise leaving Cromwell uncertain whether to ally himself with France or Spain; anxious to

convince both nations of the value of his friendship; determined not to extend his assistance to either without material advantage to England. Since then the situation had been considerably changed by the result of the "Western Design." Penn's expedition started some months later than Blake's, and arrived at Barbados, England's only important foothold in the west, at the beginning of 1655. Unlike Blake's, his contingent included an army of some 3000 men, under the command of General Venables. Cromwell generally chose his officers with the soundest judgment; but nothing seems to be known about Venables save that he was a wolf in sheep's clothing, otherwise a Royalist. The choice was a bad one, and the soldiers, who were themselves of a type very inferior to the justly celebrated Ironsides, seem to have realized at a very early stage that their leader did not deserve to be followed.

After some months' dalliance in Barbados the council of war determined to deliver an attack on San Domingo, the principal city of Hispaniola, and the scene of Drake's adventure seventy years before. Penn drew up his ships threateningly before the town, and the army was landed some distance to the west. Matters went ill from the first, and when the fortifications were reached a gallant charge of some forty or fifty Spanish horsemen sent thousands of Englishmen flying for their lives. The disgraceful and unprecedented rout was at length checked by a naval brigade, but not before hundreds had been killed. It seems strange that Penn did not co-operate with the land force by an assault on the forts from the sea. He did not do so, and put forward a rather lame excuse. Altogether the affair was very disgraceful, very dis-

creditable, and very shocking. When the question arose, "Who will break the news to Old Noll?" it was unanimously agreed that something should be done to obliterate the infamy before returning home. Jamaica was close at hand, and sparsely populated! A descent was made upon the Spanish town, and after a bare show of force the Englishmen took possession practically unopposed. The Protector was not deceived, and when the bunglers returned he clapped them in the Tower. In his opinion the "Western Design" had failed.

In Spain the expedition was regarded in the light of an outrage. It was indeed an outrage according to present-century ideas, but there was more excuse for it than would at first appear. The Spaniards claimed possession (see page 3) of all lands to the west of Pope Alexander's "line" in the spirit of the dog who monopolized the manger. They refused to allow others to intrude upon what they could not protect, and could not fully utilize. Ever since the days of Drake they had therefore tacitly consented to "no peace beyond the line"; that is to say, they were prepared for hostilities in the West Indies while in Europe there was peace. What Philip IV did consider dastardly and outrageous was Cromwell's return of evil for good. He had extended the right hand of fellowship to the British Republic when others looked askance, and had received a stab in the back. He had offered kindness and hospitality to Blake in the ports of Spain and Naples at the very time when these ruffianly freebooters were plundering his oversea possessions. Bitterly did he repent that he had abandoned the Stuart cause. He made overtures to the unlucky house, offered them help, put Flanders at

their disposal, and in an unwise moment declared war on England's Protector, persuaded perhaps the more readily by a false but natural impression that forty of his colonists had with deadly execution actually put thousands of Cromwell's soldiers to the rout.

War was declared at the beginning of 1656, and Oliver at once called for Blake. Though by no means an old man, Blake was aged before his time, and his constitution seems to have been undermined by the wound he had received at Portland. He felt for once a little unequal to the emergency, and asked the Protector to associate in the command one who would be ready to take a share of the responsibility.

Cromwell selected, as a brother admiral, Edward Montagu, a brilliant and attractive young man, whose name has been borne since his day by many a ship of the British Navy.*

Montagu was born in 1625 of a good family. Being related to the Earl of Manchester, he took the side of the Parliament when the Civil War broke out, and fought against Rupert at Marston Moor. Rising rapidly, he emerged from his teens a colonel in the New Model, and led his regiment to victory on Naseby field. Without exemplary skill as a commander, he won Cromwell's affection by his gallant bearing in the heat of battle and sober gravity in the council-chambr. On Deane's death at the Gabbard he was chosen to fill the vacancy; and at thirty-one, with no experience of the sea, and no record of naval service, he found himself appointed to a position of weighty trust and grave responsibility. His promotion roused the envy of the less favoured, who would have us believe that

* The latest *Montagu* but recently came to an untimely end on the Shutter Reef, Lundy Island.

Blake was exceedingly annoyed at the Protector's choice, and that Cromwell was hoodwinked by an adventurer, greedy for Spanish gold to liquidate his debts. It is no disparagement of Montagu to believe Blake disappointed that Monk was not sent to his assistance. It is highly credible that a young man should have cherished hopes of a fortune in a maritime war with Spain. If he was not a sailor by profession, he was in a fair way to acquire a love for ships, and a faculty for command, by association with England's great admiral; and if his good luck on this occasion outweighed his merit, he was capable at least of profiting by a golden opportunity.*

* Montagu retained his high command until the end of the Protectorate, and his position gave him an authority second only to that of Monk in the Restoration movement. He declared for the King, and commanded the flotilla that brought Charles home. On this auspicious occasion he hoisted his flag in the rather inappropriate *Naseby*. The Prince, who "all at Worcester but his honour lost," before embarking rechristened her the *Royal Charles*. After his coronation, the King created Montagu Earl of Sandwich, and bestowed upon him other marks of the royal favour. He sent him to escort to England the royal bride, Catherine of Portugal, and commissioned him to occupy her dowry town, Tangier, England's earliest base in the Mediterranean. When the Second Dutch War broke out, Sandwich served under the Duke of York in the Battle of Lowestoft, when Lawson met his death; but was prevented by ambassadorial duties from taking part in the two other battles, when Monk was in command. In the last Dutch War he served as second in command to the Duke of York, and played a gallant part in the great Battle of Solebay. A determined assault was made on him by Dutch fire-ships, but he sank the branders with his guns time and again. At last his ship, the *Royal James*, caught fire. The Earl refused to leave her till the very last moment, and then casting himself overboard perished in the waves. His body was afterwards found floating on the water forty miles from the place of battle, and was identified "by the George and starr on him."

Montagu has been immortalized by the pen of his protégé and humble admirer, Samuel Pepys, who kept a wonderful diary during the first ten years of Charles II's reign. Through the Earl's influence Pepys was made Clerk of the Acts of the Navy, and lived to become Secretary to the Admiralty, and a Member of Parlia-

KING ALFRED'S COLLEGE LIBRARY

Blake and Montagu set sail from Torbay at the end of March, 1656. Their fleet numbered forty sail, and the Generals at Sea hoisted their flag in the *Naseby*, a splendid ship of 80 guns. She was the pride of the Commonwealth constructors, and had been launched at Woolwich, while Blake was scourging the Tunisians.*

It was natural enough that the expedition should make its way to Cadiz. Cadiz had been attacked by Drake in 1587, and by Howard and Essex in 1596. Even if it were no longer possible to destroy an incipient Armada, or burn Spain's fairest city to the ground, there was every chance of intercepting a treasure fleet on a return journey from the west. Cromwell seems to have expected the Generals to capture a point of vantage on the coast, and with prophetic insight urged the advisability of seizing either Cadiz itself, or better still Gibraltar. Nobody realized better than Blake the need of securing a base for a fleet operating at a distance from home, but in his partner's opinion the magnitude of the undertaking made the co-operation of an army imperative. By a threat to waylay his Brazilian galleons, the Generals forced their friend-

ment. His *Memoirs relating to the State of the Navy* (1690) is a valuable authority; but his fame depends upon his *Diary*, in which he presents a perfect picture of the man about town more than two hundred years ago. The pages of this wonderful book are often most instructive; and vastly diverting also, when the author is not too serious, but tells us how he buried his wine "and parmazan cheese" in the back garden to escape the Great Fire, purchased a new "perriwigg for £3," and "to Church where I found that my coming in a perriwigg did not prove so strange as I was afraid it would." It was not Pepys' patron, but Walpole's Earl of Sandwich, whose love for the gaming table prompted the invention of a neat and handy form of refreshment which satisfied the appetite without disturbing the game.

* As the *Royal Charles* of a later date, she played a splendid part in the Second Dutch War, only to meet an ignominious end when De Ruyter sailed unchallenged up the Thames. (See page 174, note.)

ship down the unwilling throat of the King of Portugal, and having thus secured temporary havens of refuge proceeded to invest the port of Cadiz from the sea.

For six months the fleet endured the laborious monotony of a blockade, and in September Blake and Montagu visited Lisbon to obtain provisions and careen their ships. In their absence the faithful Stayner mounted guard. On the 8th of the month a stiff breeze sprang up from the west, and his squadron weighed and "plied to sea." The west wind was bringing to Cadiz eight Spanish galleons filled with Peruvian silver. Their course was nearly run, they were almost in sight of land, when the trusty Stayner, vigilant as a huntsman, scented them, sighted them, and brought them to bay. The Spanish Admiral had ordered his flag to be hoisted in the smallest ship as a wily stag will sometimes put up a hind to run for him, but huntsman Stayner was not deceived; he let the little ship run by. His own ship, the *Speaker*, together with the *Bridgwater* (named after Blake's birthplace) and the *Plymouth*, were the only vessels that had the wind, but all three were 50-gun ships, and of the enemy but four were armed. The action that ensued was hotly contested for six hours, at the end of which time six of the enemy were taken, burnt, or sunk; two only had escaped. One of the less fortunate was bringing home the Governor of Peru, a gallant, honourable man, who determined to die rather than surrender. Some say that he himself set fire to his ship: certain it is that he, his wife, and his youngest daughter perished in the flames, though others of the family, together with some hundred of the crew, were rescued by the English sailors. Two ships were captured, and in them Stayner rejoiced to find nearly

three million pounds, a sum equal in those days to the total income of England for one year. This figure does not represent the Spanish loss, which probably amounted to ten million pounds.

The capture was an exceedingly lucky one. It warmed the Protector's heart, and filled his coffers.

The prizes were conveyed to Portsmouth by Montagu.

> With them returns victorious Montagu
> With laurels in his hand and half Peru.*

The invaluable cargo might have proceeded to London by water, but Oliver was anxious for a triumph. The bullion was unladen at Portsmouth, and trundled through the southern counties in thirty-eight wagons; and so through the streets of London, to the great admiration of all men.

The departure of Montagu was due to a new turn in Oliver's policy. While there was any hope that Cadiz or Gibraltar might fall before the united efforts of the Generals at Sea, he was glad to maintain so magnificent a fleet off the coast of Spain, but the Generals (or one at least of them) had pronounced his project impossible. Meanwhile the long-protracted negotiations with Mazarin were at length coming to a head, and the prospect of important operations on the coast of Flanders demanded the immediate establishment of a squadron nearer home.†

* Waller (1605–87).

† As early as 1655 (the year, be it noted, of Blake's exploits in the Mediterranean) Mazarin had shewn signs of yielding to Oliver's demands, when the spirit of persecution, long dormant, suddenly revived in Piedmont, and sent a thrill of horror through all but Papist hearts. The Duke of Savoy in that year resolved to force Catholicism on his Protestant subjects, the Vaudois. He sent a friar to convert them, and when the Vaudois slew his first missionary, he sent others, six regiments of Roman Catholic soldiers, "that rolled

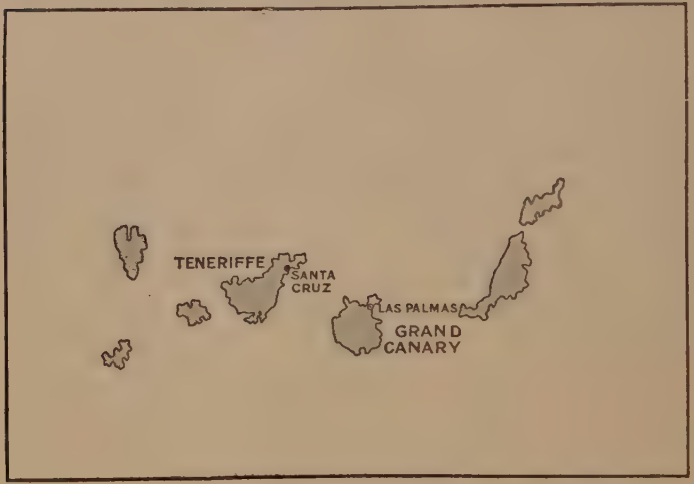
The presence of his brother admiral had a restrictive influence on Blake. Montagu had been selected for a definite object. He relieved the Admiral of part of his responsibility, decided that Cadiz was impregnable, and Gibraltar unassailable. His departure was therefore of the utmost importance. It restored Blake to the position of inspired loneliness in which he had accepted battle off the Ness, and fearlessly engaged the perils of Porto Farina. For a time there was nothing to be done. Montagu had carried away half the fleet. Winter was approaching. Still Blake blockaded Cadiz with unremitting assiduity. All through the winter months he remained at his post, performing in this a feat of endurance which made contemporary seamen open their eyes very wide, though admiration comes rather grudgingly from those who remember what Nelson afterwards performed with coppered ships unknown to Blake.*

With the spring (1657) came news that stirred in Blake all the enthusiastic ardour of old days. A second treasure fleet was on its way, rich with the spoils of

mother with infant down the rocks." Oliver gave £2000 out of his own pocket for the relief of the sufferers, and in righteous anger demanded Mazarin's good offices in bringing persecution to an end. Mazarin acceded to the request. The interrupted negotiations were resumed. In 1656 the forces of France, still fighting Spain, were worsted in the field, and Mazarin agreed to Oliver's more exacting conditions. He consented to recognize the English Republic, and to aid the Protector in the capture of Dunkirk. The final treaty between the two great men was signed in the spring of 1657. The Ironsides landed on French soil, joined the troops of Turenne, conquered the Spaniards at the Battle of the Dunes, captured Dunkirk, and obtained for England a footing on the Continent which she had not enjoyed since the loss of Calais. The campaign convinced the Spaniards of the hopelessness of further resistance. Hammered by Blake at sea, and by the Ironsides on land, Philip IV submitted to the humiliating Peace of the Pyrenees.

* Blake had once already spent twelve consecutive months at sea during the campaign against Rupert (Feb., 1650–Feb., 1651).

Mexico. The homeward-bound galleons had put into Santa Cruz, and there awaited instructions that would safeguard their return. This cautious mode of progression had in the days of Elizabeth sent English sailors flying to the islands of the west to reap a golden harvest for the Queen. In those days Fayal and Flores had been the rendezvous, but Portugal



THE CANARY ISLANDS
(See also p. 101)

had recently (1640) re-won her independence, and the Azores were consequently no longer hostile ground.

Santa Cruz is the chief port of the Canary Islands, and is situated on the north-east coast of Teneriffe. The island stands boldly out of the water breasting the surge, and the snow-topped peak of Teneriffe reaches 12,000 feet. Santa Cruz harbour is of horse-shoe shape, and is approached through a narrow "funnel" entrance. Nature herself has aided in the

defence of the place, for the wind off the sea which blows steadily into the harbour is never relieved by a steady ocean-going breeze from the land. Owing to the configuration of the island the land breeze is, in Nelson's words, "squally with calms."

The Spaniards appreciated the peculiar advantages of the place, and rightly regarded it as a trap, easy to enter, difficult to leave, for any who sought admittance save on a peaceful errand. To increase the security of their refuge they had constructed not only a great castle-fort at the harbour mouth, but seven smaller forts which encircled the anchorage like a belt. All alike mounted the heaviest artillery known at the time; the fire of all converged upon the entrance way. Breastworks linking fort with fort offered cover to musketeers and completed an uninterrupted zone of fire. Blake's name rang through the world, but Don Diego Diagues felt assured that, if Blake pushed his temerity to the point of essaying an entrance, his ships could never live in a pool which at a word could be lashed in every inch by a remorseless, murderous hail. Then there were the ships that had come from Mexico, quite capable of giving a good account of themselves. Six were great galleons of 1600 tons, five or six others were of half the size; none were less than 300 tons; all were well armed. The six larger were drawn up in line near the entrance, and the other ten were arranged in a semicircle nearer shore.

All hope abandon, ye who enter here!

The Spaniards may be forgiven if they supposed that, at any rate as long as they remained at Santa Cruz, they were safe from Blake and all his tribe. It has even been hinted that Don Diego Diagues hoped

against hope that Blake would dare to come, and offer Spain an opportunity of wiping out old scores. "All men who knew the place concluded that no sober men, with what courage soever endued, would ever undertake it." These are the words of Clarendon. The great Royalist writer lived before the days of Nelson. Nelson undertook it, and for the first and only time in his glorious career he failed.

When Blake heard of the arrival of the galleons at Santa Cruz, he weighed instantly and arrived at Teneriffe on 20th April, 1657. He was well aware of the deadly peril that attended his undertaking, and yet the one emotion that held him would find probable expression in "The Lord hath delivered them into my hand." If it had been possible to contrive a more certain death-trap than the harbour of Santa Cruz on that 20th April, 1657, there would still be no reason to suppose that its terrors would have altered Blake's resolution. No Gideon of old entered the valley of death with a quieter assurance that the victory would be his. A brief council of war was held for the perfecting of final arrangements, and then, taking advantage of the inrushing wind and the rising tide, the gallant fleet entered the bay.

> Bold Stayner leads; this fleet's designed by fate
> To give him laurel as the last did plate.*

Blake sent his ships to apparent destruction, but he took into careful account every circumstance that could lend him aid. The powerful castle at the harbour's mouth turning its heavy ordnance seawards told him not only that it would be comparatively harmless when the bay itself was reached, but that

* Andrew Marvell (1621–78).

it could do very little damage to single ships running before the wind on a flowing tide, especially if they avoided the centre of the channel and kept in under the walls. He calculated too that it would be a matter of serious difficulty to depress the trajectory of heavy guns in time to counteract the inshore movement. Stayner's squadron, acting independently of Blake's, included the three ships which had won distinction in the capture of the plate, together with nine others. The force was none too large, seeing that the harbour would welcome it with sixteen vessels, seven forts, and scores of musketeers, but Blake relied on the unwitting assistance of the enemy in their crowded anchorage. The six great galleons in the harbour mouth covered the fire of the other ships, and of certain of the forts on shore!

As Stayner received from Blake strict injunctions to reserve his fire until he had anchored within gunshot of the foe, it may be safely concluded that, when his practised gunners opened their concert, the six great cumbersome galleons began within themselves to abuse the vaunted excellence of their haven of refuge. The English were, however, exposed to a galling fire from those forts, which were nearer the harbour mouth than the galleons were. These waspish enemies were in a position to enfilade, or rake the English line from end to end. To their view the English ships presented target beyond target at which they could aim with the certainty of hitting something. While this phase of the struggle proceeded, Blake in the *Swiftsure* entered the bay, and took up a position to guard and protect the exposed extremities of Stayner's line. For a while the contest was renewed on terms approaching equality, but at

length the British gunnery prevailed. The wasps ceased to sting, and the galleons one and all were mastered.

Blake now had prizes to his credit, but this questionable advantage did but involve him in new difficulties. He was called upon to take possession of the prizes at a moment when the cessation of the cannonade cleared the air and revealed to the remaining forts and ships that there was no longer any necessity to restrain themselves. For the English, retreat seemed the only practicable course, but the inherent difficulty of the movement made it well-nigh impossible; and any attempt would necessitate not only the abandonment of the prizes, which were immovable by reason of the battery they had received, but the desertion of Stayner, whose indomitable courage had crippled the *Speaker*, and rendered her unmanageable. This was the position of which Don Diego Diagues had dreamed. He sent a hurried message to the entrance castle bidding its gunners do their worst to those that were lucky enough to escape. He himself turned jubilantly to the appetizing task of harassing the remainder as they wrestled with their prizes in the bay.

The crisis, grave as it was, found Blake wanting neither in readiness nor in inspiration. As the nature of the problem dawned upon him, his thoughts recurred to Porto Farina, and he gave instant orders to fire the captured ships. The wind still blew from the sea. Clouds of smoke enveloped the anchorage, and the British ships crept forward under the mantle of invisibility.

Before the turn of the tide, the rest of the fleet had been utterly destroyed, and the forts had been silenced. It had been a hot day's work, and a glorious. The

tide began to turn, and Blake gave orders to float out upon the ebb. Then a miracle happened. The north-east wind dropped; for a moment there was a dead calm; and then a breeze sprang up from the south-west. Instead of painfully warping, the ships ran out before the wind, laughing at the castle as they passed. Even the *Speaker* without further adventures reached the open sea.

The enemy were annihilated, if ever there were meaning in the word. The power of Spain was demolished as completely as in the days of Howard and Drake. Her fleet was destroyed, and the treasure wherewith to equip armies against Mazarin sunk to the bottom of the sea.

"We had only fifty slain, and one hundred and twenty wounded," wrote Blake to the Protector. Cromwell replied at once congratulating the great man on his success, and added, "The mercy to us and this Commonwealth is very signal; both in the loss the Enemy hath received, and also in the preservation of our own ships and men, which indeed was very wonderful, and according to the goodness and loving-kindness of the Lord." The Protector did not rest satisfied on this occasion with mere words. He sent Blake, as a small token of his regard, his own portrait framed in gold inset with diamonds—for which the Parliament paid.

No praise was too great for this immense performance, which remained without a parallel till the days of Hawke and Quiberon Bay. Englishmen and foreigners, friends and foes, all alike joined in the acclamation of him who "first drew the copy of naval courage, and bold and resolute achievement."

A few months later Blake obtained leave to bring his weather-beaten squadron home. The fleet had suffered from its winter on the sea, but not so much as the admiral himself. His bones were racked with pain, and slowly, but daily, his strength receded. One thing alone kept body and soul together. He looked not for the triumph he so well deserved, the roar of lusty throats, and the warm clasp of the Protector's hand, with a "Well done! good, and valiant, and bold." He longed to be home, home once more among the scenes he loved. Home for a last farewell; home if only for an hour. For an hour to rest his weary frame under the autumn skies of the west; for an hour to feast his eyes on the good red soil, and the elms, and the hills and moorlands in the distance, on the deep-embosomed lanes, and the orchards. He whispered his wish to his mother the sea, but she closed his eyes, and he died.*

* On August 7th, 1657. Cromwell gave his peerless admiral a regal funeral in the Abbey of Westminster. Of the many blots on the memory of Charles II none is more indelible than his disturbance of a sepulchre, which well-befitted a sea king's bones.

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